The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* July *will be noticed in the* August *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th August *in the* September *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We understand that the partnership between Messrs. Service and Paton has been dissolved. Mr. Paton becomes a director of Nisbet and Co., Ltd, who will henceforth publish the works issued by Messrs. Service and Paton. Mr. Service retires from publishing.

We understand that Mr. Coulson Kernahan has ceased to be literary adviser to Mr. James Bowden, and has returned to Messrs. Ward and Lock. The separation is in no degree due to any personal difference, Mr. Coulson Kernahan and Mr. Bowden remaining on the friendliest terms.

There may have been some doubt in the mind of curious readers of literary chat as to the exact position of Mr. W. W. Jacobs and the Civil Service. Mr. Jacobs had resigned, Mr. Jacobs had *not* resigned; Mr. Jacobs might resign, Mr. Jacobs might *not* resign. The author of "Many Cargoes" settled the matter once for all on Saturday last by saying good-bye definitely to the Savings Bank Department. He goes without a retiring allowance, but this should not cause tears to so popular and successful a writer.

We may have some information to give our readers shortly as to great changes contemplated for 1900 in our leading comic paper.

The advance royalties paid to Miss Marie Corelli for the two novels she is writing—one for Messrs. Methuen, a long book, another for Messrs. Hutchinson of about 60,000 words—are said to be almost unprecedented in the recent annals of publishing.

There being now no prospect for a long time of a new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, it is proposed to issue an entirely new Encyclopædia, in which, if we understand rightly, no fewer than three leading firms will be engaged.

The new edition of Chambers' Encyclopædia of English Literature is being prepared, but will not be ready for a considerable time. The old plan has been departed from, and the book, instead of being written by two persons, will have contributions from various leading critics. Amongst those who have undertaken important sections of the work are Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Stopford Brooke. Under the competent editorship of Dr. Patrick, the book is sure to attain a distinguished success. Of the influence which it has had in past days a curious illustration may be given. In the *Fortnightly Review* many years ago Mr. Escott, then editor, invited some of the most distinguished men of letters of the day to give their favourite passages in prose and poetry. Several of these were taken direct from Chambers' Encyclopædia, as was proved by the fact that slight errors and contractions were repeated.

The purchasers of the Edinburgh edition of Stevenson will wring their hands when they hear that Mr. W. B. Blaikie has published a supplementary volume intended for private circulation. Of these only thirty copies have been printed, so that it will rank among the rarest of Stevensoniana. We do not feel ourselves at liberty without Mr. Blaikie's permission to describe the book, but it may be said that while it throws some interesting and welcome light on Stevenson's life in Samoa, it is not important from a literary point of view.

Mr. H. G. Wells is engaged in serious work at Sandgate—the building of a house after his own desires and plans. His health has greatly improved.

We understand that it is hoped that Mr. Sidney Colvin's biography of Robert Louis Stevenson will appear next spring at latest. We had hoped to have it for the autumn. Some at least of the letters published in *Scribner* promise well for the book.

The death of Lady Shelley, which took place at Boscombe last month, will be very generally regretted. She served herself heir most loyally to the traditions of her husband's house, and delighted to show appreciative visitors the portraits of Shelley and his wife, of Godwin, and of Mary Wollstonecraft, and other precious relics and mementoes which she possessed. In the days when Stevenson was at Bournemouth very low in health and spirits, she brought him friendship and good cheer, acknowledged in the dedication of "The Master of Ballantrae."

To Sir Percy Florence and Lady Shelley.

Here is a tale which extends over many years and travels into many countries. By a peculiar fitness of circumstance the writer began, continued it, and concluded it among distant and diverse scenes. Above all, he was much upon the sea. The character and fortune of the fraternal enemies, the hall and shrubbery of Durrisdeer, the problem of Mackellar's homespun and how to shape it for superior flights: these were his company on deck in many star-reflecting harbours, ran often in his mind at sea to the tune of slatting canvas, and were dismissed (something of the suddenest) on the approach of squalls. It is my hope that these surroundings of its manufacture may to some degree find favour for my story with seafarers and sea-lovers like yourselves.

And at least here is a dedication from a great way off: written by the loud shores of a subtropical island near upon ten thousand miles from Boscombe Chine and Manor:

scenes which rise before me as I write, along with the faces and voices of my friends.

Well, I am for the sea once more; no doubt Sir Percy also. Let us make the signal B. R. D.! R. L. S.

Waikiki, May 17, 1889.

In a review of Mrs. Harrison's admirable rendering of Verhaeren's poems, published in last month's BOOKMAN, reference was made to several "inaccuracies" in the translation. Mrs. Harrison asks us to explain that these are due to the fact that M. Verhaeren has published several editions of his poems in which a number of phrases have undergone correction. The words translated "polar silence" were "silence polaire," not, as in our reviewer's copy of the poems, "âpre silence."

A first instalment of "Unpublished Letters of George Borrow" (lately discovered in the crypt at the Bible House) appears in the Bible Society's *Monthly Reporter* for July.

Messrs. Longman announce, for the autumn, "The Life and Campaigns of Alexander Leslie, First Earl of Leven," by Mr. C. Sanford Terry, University Lecturer in History in the University of Aberdeen. The main purpose of the work is to elucidate the military history of the "brotherly assistance" which Scotland rendered to England under the Solemn League and Covenant in 1643. A feature of the book will be the inclusion in appendices of descriptions of the chief battles, Newburn, Hilton, Marston Moor, the sieges of York and Newcastle, drawn largely from the collection of seventeenth century pamphlets in the British Museum. The book will be illustrated by maps and plans.

Mr. Hall Caine delivered at the meeting of the Retail Newsagents and Booksellers' Union in Liverpool an interesting and lengthy speech on the cheapening of books. The shrewdness of Mr. Hall Caine's commercial judgment is well known, and whether we agree or not with his opinions, they are well worth considering. Mr. Hall Caine does not believe that the sixpenny book will make the six-shilling book unsaleable. It does not follow, he says, that because a man can buy a straw hat for five shillings he will be unwilling to pay a pound for a silk one. The constant advertisement of the sixpenny book on the bookstalls awakens attention for the six-shilling book, and stimulates its sale. During the three or four weeks when his American publishers published and sold 100,000 copies of "The Christian" at fifty cents, they also sold 14,000 of the edition at one and a half dollars. It was argued that the sixpenny book would complete the ruin of the country bookseller. "I do not in the least believe this follows, but if the public wants the cheap book it is unwise and futile to urge the maintenance of any class of tradesman against such a demand." If the country booksellers would not deal in cheap books the newsagents would take them up. It was futile to try and turn back the tide of progress even if an ancient and honourable class had to be sacrificed.

Arguing against Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Hall Caine maintained that it was strangely and humiliatingly wrong to say that even with an enormous sale the author's earnings must be small. If the author received three-halfpence on a sixpenny book, and if he sold a hundred thousand copies, he would not be badly off. He further ridiculed the idea that the reading of newspapers injured the reading of books. It was precisely where newspapers were most numerous that books were most read. In America, where every hamlet had its organ, there was the largest reading public per thousand for books of all kinds. In Italy, where the newspapers were few and often contemptible, the reading public, even among the educated classes, was perhaps the smallest in the world. The same held true about the libraries. It was his experience that nowhere was the trade in books so brisk as in towns like Liverpool, where the public library was active and popular. Mr. Hall Caine defended papers like *Tit-Bits* and *Answers*, and said he had never seen one that did not tell him something he did not know.

Mr. Hall Caine concluded by saying that the great reading public was of entirely healthy instincts, and that only the little cliques and coteries in every country were morbid and unwholesome in their tastes. Certainly there was in England and in America a deep leaven of purity that made it unprofitable to play upon the baser passions.

In the new issue of the Brontë Society publications there is a highly interesting paper by Canon Bardsley, Vicar of Huddersfield, containing some personal reminiscences. Canon Bardsley mentions that his father and mother in their early married life at Keighley used often to walk to Haworth Vicarage on Saturday afternoons in time for tea. He goes on, "My father was not a clergyman after the type of the curates in 'Shirley.' If a son may eulogise his parent, I would add that he was a man of vigorous intellect, strong not only in its concentrative but also in its expansive force; he was also endowed with a peculiarly sympathetic nature. Hence he took the keenest pleasure in the interests and pursuits of each member of the Brontë family. Charlotte Brontë, as a girl of twenty, was a keen politician; and as he was, I am afraid, a sad Radical at the time, and she a Tory of Tories—as he gloried in the Reform Bill, and she looked upon it as a disaster—they had some very lively discussions."

Canon Bardsley further says:—"I can only make a passing reference to a visit of two days which my parents paid to Haworth Parsonage, some years after they left Keighley. A year or two before my aged mother died, when we were talking over the past, I asked her what struck her most about Charlotte Brontë on the occasion of this visit. She answered, 'Charlotte's careful thoughtfulness for the comfort of her guests, and the order and method with which she arranged every domestic detail.'"

He mentions that in his early manhood he accompanied his father to Haworth after the death of Charlotte Brontë. "After dinner, Mr. Nicholls took me his wife's favourite walk on the moors. I drank in the scenes which fed and nourished the genius of one—to quote the lines of Wordsworth—whose

> Daily teaching had been clouds and hills,
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills,

of one

> Whose soul was like a star and dwelt apart.

My companion was kindness itself, but not a spark of enthusiasm could I evoke. I thought at the time that Charlotte Brontë had been drawn to her husband as a hop pillow attracts to itself the weary head and restless brain, but

I found afterwards that I had formed a hasty and mistaken judgment. We are all indebted to Mr. Clement Shorter for the noble tribute which he has paid to the character of Mr. Arthur Nicholls.

"As I returned with my father to Keighley, he told me how distressed he had been to see the tears in the eyes of old Mr. Brontë while he spoke of the aspersions on his domestic character, and the exaggerated statements with reference to the eccentricities of his daily life, in Mrs. Gaskell's memoir of his daughter, which had just been published. The author of Charlotte Brontë's Life was a kindred genius with her whose portrait she has drawn with all the charm of literary skill. I have no need in this assembly to refer to the grave faults in the early editions of this work, which have disappeared from the later ones. If I venture to hint that a certain exaggeration still remains, some devoted admirer of Mrs. Gaskell in this audience may think of the aphorism—'The defects of the great are the consolation of the dunces.'"

Mr. Pinero has had rather a short spell of leisure since finishing "The Gay Lord Quex," which, by the way, took him six months to write. He is shortly to settle down to work again, and will leave for Switzerland in the middle of next month.

Mr. Bret Harte has written a story of about 10,000 words for the Christmas number of a magazine. This is a return to his old manner of "Snowed Up at Eagle's," a welcome return, as many people will think. He calls the story "The Belle of Canada City."

For the same magazine Mr. Levett Yeats has completed another French story of some 11,000 words. Mr. Levett Yeats is not a believer in London as a working centre. He is shortly going to Italy to resume his Italian studies there. It would be a good thing to hear that they had resulted in another "Honour of Savelli."

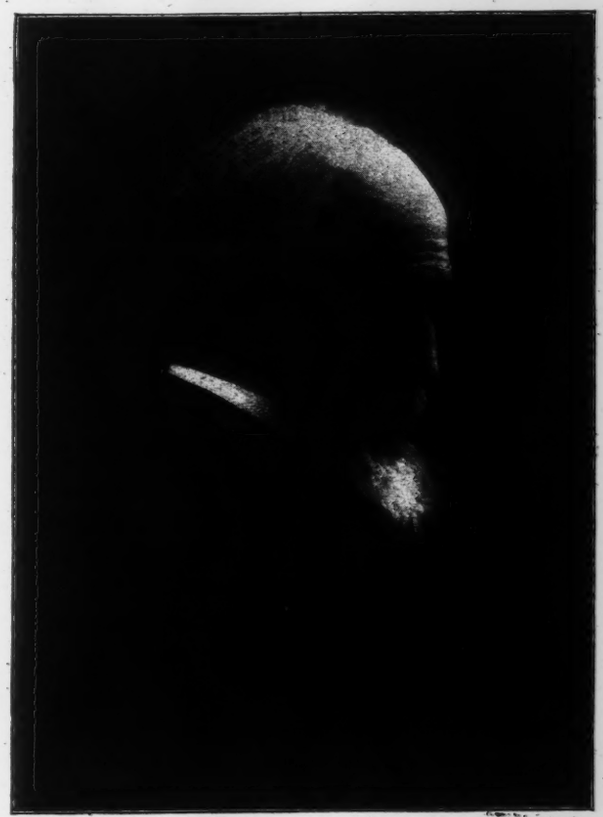
Mr. C. Arthur Pearson has entirely recovered his health, a fact which he sets down to the salubrious air of Frensham. He has been applying himself very closely to business for some months past, and it is rumoured that his Company will show a very good year.

Mr. Max Pemberton, whose popularity as a story writer steadily increases, has signed a contract for a new novel with the *Windsor Magazine* for next year. Mr. Pemberton is engaged in collaboration with Mr. Addison Bright, preparing his play founded on "Kronstadt," and they hope to see it produced in New York by Mr. Frohmann next December. Mr. Frohmann has also purchased the dramatic rights of "The Garden of Swords."

Messrs. Methuen are to publish a new edition of "Lavengro," for which our esteemed contributor Mr. Francis Hindes Groome has written an introduction.

We understand that there is no truth in the rumour that "Lucas Malet" is about to join the Church of Rome.

Mr. W. J. Stillman, whose volume on Crispi is reviewed in this issue, has had a remarkable career. Mr. Stillman was born in America in 1828, and was occupied for many years in landscape painting and editing an art journal, the *Crayon*, of which he was founder. He was appointed United States Consul at Rome in 1861, and in Crete in 1865, and subsequently wrote a history of the Cretan Insurrection of 1866. In 1876 Mr. Stillman was



From Photo by] MR. W. J. STILLMAN. *[Elliott & Fry.*

appointed special *Times* correspondent, and that position he occupied until his retirement last year. Mr. Stillman is a devoted archæologist.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

MAY 24TH TO JUNE 18TH, 1899.

Taking the period above named as a whole, trade has been about the same as in former years, although there is a falling off in country business. With everything against him, the provincial bookseller is not likely to push his trade to any great extent, even if it were possible for him to do so. In the export branch the colonial section has been active, the continental being much as usual.

The 6s. novel, although still popular, is said to have a serious rival in the 6d. novel. However, "A Double Thread," by E. T. Fowler, has been selling freely, rivals notwithstanding, and others in this form are still in favour. Several more publications in the popular 6d. form are announced. This is unfortunate, as already signs are not wanting that the public appetite in this direction is pretty well satisfied. Some booksellers report that the 6d. books are affecting the sales of the 6d. magazines.

New books and new editions continue to be issued in large numbers. There are, without doubt, too many of

them, and the public is hampered in choosing owing to variety.

The deep interest shown in the fate of China is mirrored in the demand for Lord Charles Beresford's "Break-up of China."

The Haddon Library of works dealing with outdoor pursuits continues in favour. Works such as "Elizabeth and her German Garden," and "The Solitary Summer," by the same author, are much appreciated just now by book-buyers.

The call for Guide Books is brisk as usual, and the same may be said of publications generally which deal with country life and outdoor games, including the long-neglected Croquet.

Among magazines, the same keen competition continues. The leading periodicals are *Pall Mall*, *Pearson*, *Harper*, *Harmsworth*, *Strand*, *Windsor*, *Royal*, and *Wide World*. In the ladies' own department the *Woman at Home* continues to be the favourite.

The list appended is based upon actual sales, and may be taken as a true guide to the kind of book that the public appreciates for the moment.

A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
No. 5, John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)
A Semi-Detached Marriage. By A. Kenealy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Solitary Summer. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Elizabeth and her German Garden. 6s. (Macmillan.)
One Poor Scruple. By Mrs. Ward. 6s. (Longmans.)
The Individualist. By W. H. Mallock. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
I, Thou, and the Other One. By A. E. Barr. 6s. (Unwin.)
The Fowler. By B. Harraden. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
The Black Douglas. By S. R. Crockett. 6s (Smith, Elder.)
When the Sleeper Wakes. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Harper.)
A Fair Fraud. By Mrs. L. Cameron. 6s. (Long.)
Madam Izan. By Mrs. C. Praed. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)
David Harum. By E. N. Westcott. 6s. (Pearson)
The Garden of Swords. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)
England's Peril. By W. Le Queux. 6s. (White.)
The Haddon Library. 7s. 6d. net per volume. (Dent.)
The Martyrdom of an Empress. 7s. 6d. (Harper.)
The Break-up of China. By Lord C. Beresford. 12s. (Harper.)
The Reformation Settlement. By M. MacColl. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)
Matthew Arnold. By G. Saintsbury. 2s. 6d. (W. Blackwood.)
The Human Machine. By J. F. Nisbet. 6s. (Richards.)
The Queen's Service. By H. Wyndham. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
The Temperance Problem. By Rowntree and Sherwell. 6s. (Hodder.)
With Kitchener's Army. By Watkins. 2s 6d. (Partridge.)
Tennyson's Poems. Globe edition. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
The Day of Recompense. By S. K. Hocking. 3s. 6d. (Warne)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending

May 27—A moderate week only in the home departments. Colonial and foreign orders satisfactory.
June 3—A very quiet week even for the season. Foreign and Colonial departments not quite so busy.
" 10—The home trade remains quiet. Foreign and Colonial business unchanged.
" 17—A slightly busier week for both town and country. Foreign and Colonial trade improving.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

MAY 20TH TO JUNE 20TH, 1899.

The brisk trade which had been characteristic of the last few months suddenly ceased, and the five weeks under review proved the very quietest experienced this year. Very few works of marked interest were published, and the weather being fine over the whole country, book-buying was set aside for outdoor sports and recreations. Maps for cyclists and books on golf and cricket had most attention, notably "With Bat and Ball," by Giffen, "Seventy-one, Not Out," by Mid-on, and the various standard golfing handbooks.

From all districts came guide books and such like for tourists, and, of course, in Scotland these must be reckoned with as forming a large part of the summer's business.

With Murray's Handbook, Black's "Where Shall we Go," and local guides to such remote districts as "Prince Charlie's Country" and "Skye," with the addition of the various railway companies' souvenirs, no traveller was without necessary literature.

One noteworthy feature of the month's business was the number of books on foreign travel issued. Of these, China had the greatest number, but the new cheap edition of "In the Forbidden Land," by Landor, and the various volumes of the "Overseas Library," published by Unwin, also sold well.

Scotch literature was not unrepresented. In "Scottish Life and Character," by Harvey, "Sabbath Nights at Pitcoonans," and a re-issue of "My Man Sandy," all demands were met.

The religious works having the best sale were "The Christian Minister, his Aims and Methods," by Robertson, "The Ascent through Christ," by Jones, and a volume on the "Hymns and Hymn Writers of the Church Hymnary," by Brownlee.

The six-shilling novel continued to be the leading line in cloth books, and "The Awkward Age," by H. James; "England's Peril," by Le Queux; "Individualist," by Mallock; "Frivolities," by Marsh; "Ragged Lady," by Howells; "When the Sleeper Wakes," by Wells; and "Miss Cayley's Adventures," by Grant Allen, had most attention given them.

The sale of the Globe edition of "Tennyson" remained steady throughout the month. "The Temperance Problem and Social Reform," by Rowntree and Sherwell, continued to sell freely.

Sixpenny editions of popular novels continued, but the sale showed symptoms of falling off. The most popular during the month were "Lady Audley's Secret," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," and "List, ye Landsmen," the last named by Clark Russell.

The magazine trade was exceedingly good. The most successful—although a double number—was the *Strand*. *Pearson* also kept well to the front.

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

The Awkward Age. By Henry James. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Individualist. By W. H. Mallock. 6s. (Chatto.)
No. 5, John Street. By R. Whiteing. 6s. (Richards.)
The Garden of Swords. By M. Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)
Intimate China. By Mrs. Little. 21s. (Harper.)
The Christian Minister. By Dr. Robertson. 3s. 6d. (Oliphant.)
A Double Thread. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Miss Cayley's Adventures. By Grant Allen. 6s. (Richards)
Frivolities. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (Richards.)
A Semi-Detached Marriage. By A. Kenealy. 6s. (Hutchinson.
Modern England under Victoria. By J. McCarthy. 5s. (Unwin.)
Ragged Lady. By W. D. Howells. 6s. (Harper.)
When the Sleeper Wakes. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Harper.)
England's Peril. By W. Le Queux. 6s. (White.)
The Black Douglas. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
The Temperance Problem. By Rowntree and Sherwell. 6s. (Hodder.)

THE READER.

MULTIPLE REVIEWING.

BY W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

IN a recent controversy in which I was concerned, the question of the morality of multiple reviewing was raised. I made no reference to that, my business being merely to repel a personal attack. I confess also that I thought it needless to say anything on the subject till a proper occasion arose. The proper occasion will come when an author in his own name publicly denounces a reviewer for writing more than one favourable notice of his book. I have no objection, however, to comply with the request made to me, and briefly discuss the subject of multiple reviewing.

1. In the first place we are practically talking of a mare's nest. Those who really have been behind the scenes in reviewing will not dispute this. I should say that if a man gets a hundred reviews of his book, he has had ninety-eight reviewers. Very likely he has had a hundred. Few occupations are less tempting than that of writing two or three different reviews of ordinary books. A man exhausts what he has to say in one review. Even in the case of men who do much reviewing work the instances when they write two or more reviews of one book are exceedingly uncommon.

2. Is it in itself immoral for a man to express his honest opinion of a book in more than one newspaper? Does an editor make a contract with his readers that no one who writes in his paper on a certain subject has written or ever will write on the same subject elsewhere? Everyone knows that the idea is preposterous. I could mention men who write leading articles in London papers and in provincial papers on the same subjects with the full knowledge of all their employers. I could also mention men who write two or three or even four descriptions of what goes on in Parliament. In some cases readers know this very well, but so far from complaining they recognise that as a rule the men who are employed to this extent are exceptionally competent. If a man wrote in the *Nineteenth Century* or in the *Times* on a certain theme, and if his readers in a provincial paper knew that fact, it would not prejudice them against their paper; they would rather congratulate the editor on having secured the services of one entitled to speak.

3. But it is said that certain reviewers write six or seven articles on the same book in influential papers, either to boom it for their own commercial ends, or to run it down because of the malignity of their spite. I should like to ask what papers? There are such beings as editors. Of course I know too well that a great many people suppose that all you have to do is to write your half-dozen reviews, post them to the offices of any journals you like to select, and then see them appear in due course and do their work. It is, I repeat, a widespread idea that anyone may send in any review to any paper and get it printed immediately. Let me recommend the persons who hold this creed to put it to trial. Let them write their reviews and send them, and see whether they appear or not. Books are neither hurt nor helped by criticisms in uninfluential papers. The editors of the journals which contain literary opinions that carry weight are fully aware of their responsibility. They have minds and wills of their own. They are the last people to allow their papers to be exploited, and when they insert reviews it may be taken for granted that they are quite aware of what they are about. The faintest suspicion that a reviewer was abusing their confidence to serve his own ends would at once deprive him of occupation.

4. I can conceive a critic exerting himself strongly to make known a book which is in danger of being overlooked. I can still more easily imagine him doing his utmost to defend a book which is being run down, and I can also imagine him honestly doing his best to warn readers against a book which he perceives to be of mischievous tendency. It should be noted, however, that he cannot do all these things effectually without the concurrence of editors who are wide awake, who know perfectly well the secrets of the world of journalism, who are in little danger of being misled, and who, therefore, are prepared themselves to take responsibility for what is said. These occasions for multiple reviewing are, however, of very rare occurrence. If I may venture to speak for myself, I should say that they do not on an average happen once in five years. During the last ten years I may have written two reviews of about three books in a year. Each case must be judged upon its merits, but in the abstract I see nothing immoral in the practice—quite the reverse. That the practice may have been sometimes abused is simply to say that reviewing, like everything else in this world, falls short of the ideal.

5. There are certain cases which occur in the experience of every editor, when he is practically obliged to offer a book to one man whom he knows to be supremely qualified. Other editors approach the same critic, and he may most legitimately and honourably comply with their requests. I may venture to refer to Professor Dowden's review in THE BOOKMAN of Mr. Sidney Lee's excellent book on Shakespeare. Does any competent person deny that Dr. Dowden could have written half a dozen reviews of that book, each of them fresh, illuminating, and competent? There are practically only a few people in this country who are fully qualified to write on Dante, and it is no wonder that when a new Dante book appears they are much assailed by editors. The instances might be multiplied.

6. I confess I see no harm in a man writing reviews of the same book in different papers if he is asked by editors to do so, and if his editors are fully aware of what he is doing. The difficulty is that only a man full of resource can do that kind of thing well. It is much easier if one is contributing critical articles to two papers to make them on different books, and this is what usually happens, in fact happens almost universally.

But the fact on which I wish chiefly to fix attention is that those who have waxed so fierce on multiple reviewing have discovered a mare's nest, because there is practically no multiple reviewing in this country. There are men who contribute criticisms to half a dozen newspapers, and perhaps to twenty newspapers, but they are, save in the rarest cases, criticisms of different books. If anyone is disposed to contradict this statement, I challenge him to give names of reviewers and journals.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

The interesting subject which Dr. Nicoll has chosen as a theme for discussion might well be thrashed out independently, but he has, I observe, prefixed it by a paragraph which makes it appear to have been the point which was recently at issue between us. That is not so. Multiple reviewing is in itself a minor abuse. The major abuse is multiple reviewing when the reviewer uses sometimes one nom-de-plume, sometimes another, sometimes his own, and sometimes none, so as, consciously or not, to mislead the public into the idea that it has read many different opinions. How such a proceeding can for an instant be defended I cannot imagine, and it is only fair to the press to say that while the matter was being thrashed out very few journals did defend it, and those who did appeared to misunderstand my point.

This is a matter quite apart from the value of the criticism. If a man were Matthew Arnold and Sainte-Beuve rolled into one, it is no reason why he should break the elementary law against impersonation. By an extension of this process, that is, by the same man influencing some journals as editor, and writing in others under different names as critic, it is possible for a single man to obtain an influence which, however honestly and impartially he may wish to exercise it, is an evil thing for the independence of literature. In the republic of letters we need critics, but not autocrats.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll finishes his article, I observe, by a direct challenge to his critics to give the name of the reviewer and the journals which have published multiple reviews. He must know that I have already given both the one and the other over my own name in the correspondence which has suggested this discussion. I should prefer not to repeat them, for personalities are odious to me, but when challenged to give a concrete example, I do not know how to avoid them. I may say, however, that my inquiries since that discussion, and the letters which I have had from numerous correspondents, convince me that I did not state the case unfairly, but that I did a good and (in spite of all assertions to the contrary) an impersonal service to literature in giving the matter publicity. Honesty compels me to add, however, that, granted a system which is vicious, Dr. Nicoll has used his position with moderation and sometimes with generosity.

BY SIR WALTER BESANT.

I have no proof that multiple reviewing is practised at all. For my own part, I so much dislike the work of reviewing that it would be torture for me to review the same book three or four times. I can quote, however, a conversation on the subject with a writer who does a great deal of review work, and, I believe, likes this form of literary labour. He said, in words to this effect, "When I take up a book for review, I first read it through. This takes time. I then write my review. I put it to you whether a man can afford to read a book through if all he gets is a notice three inches long, paid for according to its length?" He did not say that he himself wrote more reviews than one of the same book, but his words seem to convey an acknowledgment that he does so. I have myself always contended that the writer of paragraph notices simply cannot afford to read his books. If, then, the practice of multiple reviewing does prevail even to quite a great extent, we must, as in all things human, consider the dangers, if any, of an abuse of the power. The danger is, undoubtedly, that the public, who know nothing of the writers for the press, may be led to believe that what is only one man's opinion is an important consensus of opinion. It is quite conceivable that much mischief might be done in this way. The danger, however, might surely be met by the simple rule that every review should be signed. If the practice of the paper is to have all their articles anonymous, we must then fall back upon the editor for protection. After all, the main thing is to guard against the logrolling of a private friend and the animosity of a private enemy. In the *New York Critic* I believe that it is a rule that no writer accepts, or is offered, the work of reviewing the book either of an enemy or of a friend. Such a rule would be most useful on this side of the Atlantic. If, in addition, only those books were chosen for review which are worth reviewing, and therefore at some length, the critic would be encouraged to read his books before writing his notice.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

There is, happily, implanted in the human breast a tendency to believe what is set forth in print. Though I write a good deal for the press myself, I own I am not free from influence of the instinct. When, some time ago, I read in the papers my friend Dr. Conan Doyle's indictment of the man who reads a book and straightway reviews it in six or more papers—whence is deduced the conclusion that a system of multiple reviewing is a common thing—I was surprised but believing, and, turning to another column, found more news of the day. When, however, you ask me to set forth my opinion on the bearings of the alleged iniquity, it becomes necessary to think it over.

Reflection and a review of facts within one's personal knowledge lead to the conclusion that the class of literary men who habitually contribute reviews of a single book to various journals may best be summed up by citation of a famous chapter on Snakes in Iceland. "There are none." The conditions under which book reviews are arranged for in the daily and weekly papers suffice to dispel illusion on the subject. Parcels of books from the publisher reach the office of a newspaper addressed to the editor. He distributes them among his staff of reviewers. If an industrious and enterprising gentleman has a particular book allotted to him, and, having written a review for his own journal, proceeds to manufacture a succession for contemporaries, he will find himself forestalled by the staff work of another.

If, then, we are to discuss the morality of multiple reviewing, it must be on the basis of a hypothetical case. Regarding it as a question of principle, I am constrained to admit that I ought rather to stand in the dock than to sit on the Bench. If multiple reviewing be iniquitous, I suppose I am the chief of sinners. There is a well-known work (bound in calf) which daily, weekly, monthly, at home and abroad, I review, and have been engaged on the work of reviewing for a long quarter of a century. Yet the only time my commentary on proceedings in the House of Commons was challenged on the precise ground taken by Dr.

Conan Doyle—that it is unfair for a single individual to circulate his personal views in a congeries of public journals—was when Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett took the matter in hand. He belaboured me at length in a weekly newspaper called *England*. But *England* it was that died, I think about three weeks after this outbreak.

In both cases, reviewing events in the House of Commons or dealing with the contents of a book, it is possible for a man to be actuated by none other than honest purpose, uninfluenced by personal consideration. The difference is that whilst it is easy enough to import variety into review of the kaleidoscopic movement of the House of Commons, the reviewer of a book has only the one, more or less stolid, circumstance at hand. The practical question, if such there be, about multiple reviewing appears not to be, Is it moral? but, Is it worth while?

I should think not.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

I agree substantially with Dr. Nicoll. Multiple reviewing is not a common practice, and the busy reviewer would far rather write upon six books than write six articles about one. There are rare cases in which a book presents so many points of view that it is impossible to discuss it fully in one notice. There are also cases in which a reviewer, while repeating the judgment he has already expressed, does it with a freshness and point that make two and even three articles equally good reading. It must be remembered that the critic has often something to say as well as the author, and that he even has a public for his manner of saying it.

This, I imagine, will not be controverted. All the commotion over multiple reviewing refers to anonymity or a variation of pseudonyms. Does anyone suppose that the critic when he writes more than one notice of a book is unwilling to sign his name? You may be sure that if he have anything of a personality, he does not want to hide it. It is the editors, as Dr. Nicoll says, who have to be reckoned with. They are not always as eager for the publicity of the critic's name as he is. I don't blame them. There is much to be said for their view. It is still a moot point whether a journal gains or loses weight by the anonymity of its staff. Personally, I think political articles are best anonymous, but perhaps that is because I am not anxious to sign political articles when I write them. It will be admitted, however, that they are very often the expression not of individual judgment, but of an editorial judgment which is governed by all manner of considerations unconcerned with the personality of the writer. Critical articles on literary subjects have no value, on the other hand, except as expressions of the personal view. What I write of a book is what I think, not what a party thinks, nor what my editor thinks. For that simple reason I wish to sign the article and I never met a reviewer who was not eager to put his name to everything he wrote.

BY WILLIAM CANTON.

You mean, of course, anonymous multiple reviewing, for over his signature a man obviously has as much right to repeat or to amplify his opinions in print as he has to utter them at his clubs or among his acquaintances.

The strongest objections that I have seen stated against anonymous multiple reviewing are (1) that the opinions of a single critic appearing in many different publications are mistaken by the public for a consensus of many independent opinions; and (2) that this anonymous multiplicity enables a single critic, under a variety of disguises, to assail the book of an enemy or to boom the work of a friend.

Is it possible to substantiate those objections?

(1) There are cases in which a critic has anonymously reviewed a book—especially a book requiring special knowledge—more than once, but so far as my experience goes, multiple reviewing is rare; rarer still are the chances of a man publishing three reviews (I have known one solitary instance); while the spurious "consensus of many independent opinions" seems to me to be a pure hallucination. Concede that a reviewer has access to even a dozen journals, I still question whether the argument of a spurious consensus would bear investigation. How many of the public see more than one daily paper? How many see in addition a literary weekly? Indeed, the chief condition which makes multiple reviewing, signed or unsigned, possible is that the public is divided into sections, each devoted to its own journal.

(2) The contention that the anonymous multiplist is in a position to assail in disguise an enemy's book is doubtless true in the abstract, but in actual practice this conceivable danger is reduced to a minimum. The simple fact that a critic is a multiple reviewer accredits him as a man of marked ability, sound judgment, and integrity. The wider the multiplicity, the larger the editorial guarantee. The fact that he writes anonymously is, *prima facie*, attributable to the management of the journal to which he contributes; in any case the editor shares the responsibility of the anonymity of his reviewer. Human nature being what it is, even a multiple reviewer may betray his trust, and even an editor may be deceived, but the penalties of such a betrayal of trust are too serious to be risked lightly; that a malignant multiplist, however, should work mischief with the connivance of several editors is quite inconceivable.

Unhappily, one does occasionally come across a notice so wrong-headed and splenetic as to suggest personal spite, but the odds are ten thousand to one that the writer is not a multiplist; and in the end it may turn out that the personal spite was a "touch of liver" or the irritability of overwork. In the main reviews are at least honest and kindly. To detect a masked foe (or a treacherous friend) in every unfavourable paragraph is to take a bee-line to the lunatic asylum.

As for the multiple reviewer, except in the case of a book so beautiful that one cannot tire of praising it, or so detestable that one's soul rises in indignation against it, the task of writing several reviews is so arduous and distasteful that I believe as little in a multiplist being actuated by personal bitterness as I do in his booming a book for unworthy purposes. The aridity of work of this sort is one reason for its being comparatively of rare occurrence.

As to the morality of the practice (so far as it is a practice) I see no reason to differ from the editors who deliberately employ the multiple reviewer. I take it that his trustworthiness and competence are unquestionable, otherwise he would not be a multiplist; I do him the justice to

suppose that he prints nothing that he would hesitate to sign; that his anonymity is the result of a system which editors seem reluctant to change; that in the nature of things his ubiquity is a myth; that his opinion is just and true according to his gifts; that he is liable to error, but probably less liable than I might sometimes like him to be; that as a multiplist he addresses isolated sections of the public. If I object to him, it is no use crying, "Conspuez!" as he is a limited permanency. I must show him to be dishonest in his criticism, false in his charges, unscrupulous in his methods—when, I may depend upon it, his editors will make short work of his multiplicity. Above all, if I embellish my advertisements with snippets from his multiple praise, it will be injudicious to raise an outcry on account of some unpleasant truths in his multiple disapproval.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

There can be no question surely, that "one man, one vote" is the ideal principle in reviewing.

There can be no question that the reduplication of a favourable opinion is much less to be deprecated than the reduplication of an unfavourable opinion.

There can be no question that the reduplication of a signed opinion is much less to be deprecated than the reduplication of an unsigned opinion.

It is obviously detrimental to literature in general that the taste or the prejudice of one man should be enabled to pass current as the consensus of many. When the prejudice is hostile, the system is also grossly unfair to the individual author.

It involves, moreover, a very short-sighted journalistic policy. Having written one sincere and interesting review of a book, a man may possibly, in a second article, discuss some supplementary points, but it is long odds that his second article is greatly inferior to his first. As for the third, fourth, and fifth decoctions from the same tea-leaves, the editors who are content with them simply do not know their business.

I know of an instance in which a work of scholarship (yet on no very recondite subject) was unfavourably reviewed by one man in five different papers, all more or less influential, and in no case, if I remember rightly, was the review signed.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, in an article now before me, mentions Mr. Sidney Lee's Life of Shakespeare. It happens that I totally dissent from Mr. Lee's theory of the Sonnets, and consider his identification of "Mr. W. H." and of the Rival Poet hopelessly astray. Would it be fair to Mr. Lee, or his theory, that I should express my dissent, anonymously, in four or five different papers? If five different editors chose to insert my signed opinion, Mr. Lee would have less cause to complain, though even then I should be taking more than my fair share in the debate. But what competent editor would accept my third, fourth, or fifth article? And what shall we say of either the competence or the honesty of editors who would reject these articles if signed, but would accept them unsigned?—who, in other words, would deliberately throw the dust of anonymity in the eyes of their readers?

Anonymity lies at the root of the whole evil. It strews the journalist's path with temptations, and who can boast that he has never yielded to them? Not I, for one.

BY CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

There is, in my judgment, very little multiple reviewing in this country's journalism, and what there is can most of it be fully justified by the circumstances of the particular case. That there is no multiple reviewing seriously unfriendly to individual authors I am absolutely convinced. It is within the limits of my experience that a reviewer will pay off old scores against this or that writer, who may in his time have been an editor or reviewer, by reviewing him unfavourably—although even here the bias against the writer is sufficient to account for the trend of the review. It is unconscious, and not deliberate malice. But it is quite certain that this type of review could not be palmed off upon more than one editor at a time. The revengeful reviewer would not be able to scatter his reviews over a number of newspapers. Every editor, on the other hand, could tell you stories of reviews that he has cancelled because he has felt that the critic had been unduly harsh. If the whole record of English critical journalism could be laid bare, I do not believe that a single case would come to light in which a critic of ungenerous nature had succeeded in giving expression to his lack of generosity in three separate newspapers—that is, of course, with regard to one book. There have not, I am sure, been half a dozen cases in the past ten years. There are, on the other hand, many cases in which an enthusiastic critic has expressed himself favourably to this or that book in three, four, or even—although this must be very rare—in half a dozen newspapers. And when the arduousness of the literary profession be considered, the smallness of its rewards compared to those offered by the commercial life, who will grudge Smith the satisfaction—often the only one that he will get—of seeing Brown's eulogies of his romance or his "Verses" in this, that, and the other paper? Would that I had the power myself to tell Smith in print that he is but a little lower than Tennyson, that he has as much insight as Dickens. He can probably write nearly as good verses, nearly as good stories as hundreds of fairly successful poets and novelists who have flourished since Tennyson and Dickens died. Editors are inhuman people, and our friend has so little real encouragement.

But the art of criticism must be preserved. It will always, however, be preserved in but a very few hands. We know that Dr. Dowden, Dr. Garnett, Mr. Gosse, and a dozen other men are good critics, but there are columns of reviews appearing day by day that are in no sense good or effective criticism. Although it is honest enough, it is uneducated, and much of it we were better without. The preservation of good criticism is best secured by allowing one man who has lived half his life in Siam, who has devoted all his years to Dante or to Homer, who has made a hobby of Arctic exploration, to write a dozen reviews of all books treating of those subjects rather than leave them, as is the inevitable alternative, to the man who has never been to Siam, who has never read a book on Dante, Homer, or the Arctic regions other than the one before him, when also, it may be, he has indulged in what Scott calls "the laudable practice of skipping."

Finally, then, I do not believe that there is any such thing as multiple reviewing, or at least that it is not worth consideration as a serious problem. I admit, however, that there is a great deal of multiple paragraphing—a practice usually much encouraged by authors, and exceedingly effective in keeping these authors' names before the public. The diner-out, also, who is now admitted to be so potent a factor in the advertising of a new novel, is the most criminal of all. He has praised Jones's book at fifty dinner tables.

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

If a reviewer is honest, able, and industrious, why should he not publish half a dozen reviews of the same book? By all means, it may be answered; but then he ought to sign them and let the world know that it is listening to one voice and a single judge, not to half a dozen voices and a jury of consentient critics. For public opinion, whatever its value, depends not a little on the counting of votes. Therefore in good law and in the language of the schools, we should say, "Distinguendum"—multiple reviewing is permissible if signed, pernicious if not signed.

A very curious question, perhaps; yet, as Dr. Robertson Nicoll maintains, not important, because mere holiday speculation. There is, he tells us, next to no multiple reviewing, and so we may spare our casuistry. I am not myself behind the scenes; yet, during the last ten years, I have had to criticise a large variety of books, and I doubt if in as many as five instances I dealt with my author more than once. It is not exhilarating to return to the same dish. But here again, I distinguish. What if I desire to indulge in a short talk—a *causerie*—with the set of people that read a certain newspaper or magazine, and by-and-by to take up my subject more critically and at greater length, in a publication which will give me space and leisure not to be found in dailies or even weeklies? Am I breaking any law when I close with the second proposal as well as the first? I cannot think so. Much less am I amenable to the charge of *crambe repetita*, supposing that, rightly or wrongly, I consider myself pledged to spread abroad ideas and opinions which, in my view, are necessary for these times and conducive to the social welfare. In that case I shall take every opening I can get to preach my gospel; and other men's books will be merely a text on which to expound and enforce the message of salvation. But, knowing my business, I shall be much on my guard against vain repetitions or unmusical echoes of my own first utterances. A second article will, therefore, imply a fresh treatment. Nor, indeed, when a man is full of his subject, when he is enthusiastic and convinced, and when his views are unpopular, is it likely that he can exhaust their significance in one short essay. He will have a hundred things to say; and why should he not say them *àpropos* of the same volume, provided he can say them well?

"But he is taking an unfair advantage of the public—at least when he writes anonymously." I feel inclined to say to the public, as Mrs. Alving does to Pastor Manders, "You are nothing but a big baby." Why does not this charming, imbecile public judge for itself? But no, it will hang on the lips of authority, even where authority declares its own incompetence. When Mr. Gladstone was at the height of his renown, thousands, nay, possibly millions, were ready to take his word blindfold on any subject, from the Gadarene swine to the gods of Homer—with consequences which were often as ludicrous as they were melancholy. If this great, big, foolish Demos—which includes men of all classes—would but value criticism for what it says, and not simply ask who says it, reviewing, however multiple, would provoke thought instead of serving as an apology for the want of it. I do not touch upon a far more serious question than that of the manifold critic—the question, I mean, of advertisement, of interviews carefully prepared, and preliminary stage-effects, to which books, intrinsically worthless, have been indebted for their name and fame. The relations of commerce and literature, as bearing on the production of the best, might well deserve a symposium. But our present enquiry touches only the fringe of that immense tangle. Given the critic's signature, I say, it matters not how often he reviews a book. And even if it be withheld, the public has itself to thank for not using its own eyes and judgment, but yielding helplessly to the plural vote—as though plurality were no less decisive in culture than it has now become in politics. The art of reading, I sometimes think, will soon be a lost art, so many read with their ears and go by the fashion of the moment. However, it was always the way, as Swift and Sainte Beuve and Matthew Arnold have told us, that here too, "Pauci electi," few are chosen. If any reviewer can help to increase the number of the elect, he shall have my leave to write as often as he judges proper, and my thanks into the bargain.

BY HAROLD SPENDER.

This is surely a question in which reviewers ought to listen and readers to speak. For reviewers are not incorrigible criminals, and the morality of multiple reviewing depends entirely on the question—does it, or does it not, deceive the reading public? If it does, honest reviewers will at any cost cease the practice; if it does not, then the obvious interest of the reviewer should prevail.

I say—the obvious interest of the reviewer. For the wages of reviewing, if you consider all the work involved both in the way of reading and writing, are absurdly low. When you have spent a day or two reading two volumes, you may be confined by express order to a half-column review. You will be paid for that half column precisely on the same terms as a descriptive-writer or leader-writer. And yet the work, if conscientiously done, is immensely greater. But that is not all. After reading your two volumes, you have much that you want to say about the book—you want to quote—you wish to discuss many aspects of it. How can you do that in a half-column review? But if you have to write several reviews, you can treat the matter exhaustively in a series of comments, none of them contradicting the others, and yet none of them overlapping. Multiple reviewing, then, at the present wages, means conscientious reviewing; for he must be a poor reviewer who finds it necessary to contradict himself in order to lend variety to his reviews. Single reviewing, on the other hand, means slovenly reviewing. The reviewer who wishes to make up a decent income cannot read his books adequately if he is strictly confined to single reviewing. His children will starve while he is cutting the pages.

It has happened to me to know that a book of mine has

been reviewed in several papers by the same hand. It was an expert hand; and I much preferred it to being mauled by a number of incompetent critics. For the employment of experts in reviewing is increasing, and as there are not many on any given subject, that must mean multiple reviewing.

If, then, the rule be stringently enforced at present, the level of English reviewing will certainly decline. There are very few competent reviewers, and very many papers who publish reviews. If every paper must have a separate staff of reviewers, the books will fall into young, crude hands, and the reviews will be badly done. The reviewers will turn to more profitable employments, as many journalists do already.

There is one way out. Cease to gird at the reviewer, and convince the proprietor. Persuade him that reviewing should be both competent and single. It will follow, "as the night the day," that he must pay for reviewing on special terms. And then the reviewer, being a modest man and chary of his opinions, will be only too glad to confine himself to the principle—"one book, one review."

Or there is another honest way. Let all reviews be signed, and no one is deceived. You read ——'s review of a book in one paper, and you are perhaps glad to read a second opinion of his in another. Or if you are not, you avoid it. You say, "I know his opinion," and skip. Would the process survive that ordeal? It would be a true test.

But I fear that we are far from it. Instead of increasing, the signed review is diminishing. An important weekly paper has just gone back to unsigned reviewing. The newspaper is still the unit of British journalism, and the writer is nowhere.

For this obscurity, which the French reviewer would not tolerate, the English reviewer must have some compensation. If he is cut short of his proper fame—if his name is to be blotted out—then at least he should be decently paid. "Que mon nom soit flétri!" I can imagine him crying, "But let me pay my butcher's bills!"

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

To put a mare's nest into a nutshell—that is the problem which is really before whoever attempts briefly to deal with the complex question of multiple reviewing, and none but Hibernian genius could solve it. The question is one of the astuteness of editors and the morals of reviewers. Any multiple reviewing that takes place, or can be complained of, arises naturally enough. A man becomes known to editors as an authority on, say, Dante—to quote your own instance. Why should not editors of periodicals send their books on Dante to this man much as different solicitors overwhelm with briefs a barrister who has come to be—and to be acknowledged to be—an expert in, say, patent law? A fraction of the critical mind of a man who knows Dante is worth the whole mind of a man who does not know the difference between Dante and Tasso. If he produces six reviews of the same book from essentially the same standpoint, is not the influence of his honest criticism incomparably better for literature and its readers than would be the confused voices of six different reviews if only one were wise and well informed, and the rest foolish and ignorant?

My opportunities for reviewing are nowadays limited, but when I lived in London I had an experience which shows, I think, how multiple reviewing may do no harm. The editors of two weekly newspapers sent me Mr. Barrie's "Auld Licht Idylls" for notice. In the one paper reviews are unsigned, in the other they are—or were—signed. The books came to me in ordinary course, and because I was supposed to know something about Scotland and Scottish life. I had at that time no personal knowledge of Mr. Barrie—nor I think had the editors—although I had naturally been attracted by sketches which had appeared in the *British Weekly* and the *St. James's Gazette*. The book was a revelation to me, and I said so both in my unsigned and my signed review. I remember this well because my unsigned criticism was attributed to a very distinguished female critic by many good folk—those good folk who are always behind the scenes of anonymous journalism and are always discovering one's Roman hand where there is not even the tip of one's very unroman nose. Not once but six times was I asked if I "had read Mrs. Oliphant's review of Barrie in the *So and So?*" Not once but six times I answered truthfully that I had not. If I had had the chance of expressing the same views in twenty periodicals instead of two, I should have done so. And if I am told that I would have been helping to manufacture opinion, I should have answered with the question, was I helping to manufacture shoddy opinion?

As a rule editors are sensible and try to get the best work—which means practically the best workmen—for their papers, and reviewers prefer varied to multiple reviewing. There may be cliques, coteries, monopolies, and even trusts in literature, but the competition in the free market of criticism will crush them. There may be dishonest reviewers; their dishonesty will find them out. There may be foolish editors; they may keep their folly for ever, but they will not keep their editorships for long. There is a "sane imperialism" in criticism as in all things else. The golden rule is—preserve the open door to spheres of influence.

BY E. V. LUCAS.

I cannot feel very strongly on the matter; but it seems to me that "one book, one article" is a good sporting rule for a reviewer, in ordinary cases; and especially so if his opinion is adverse.

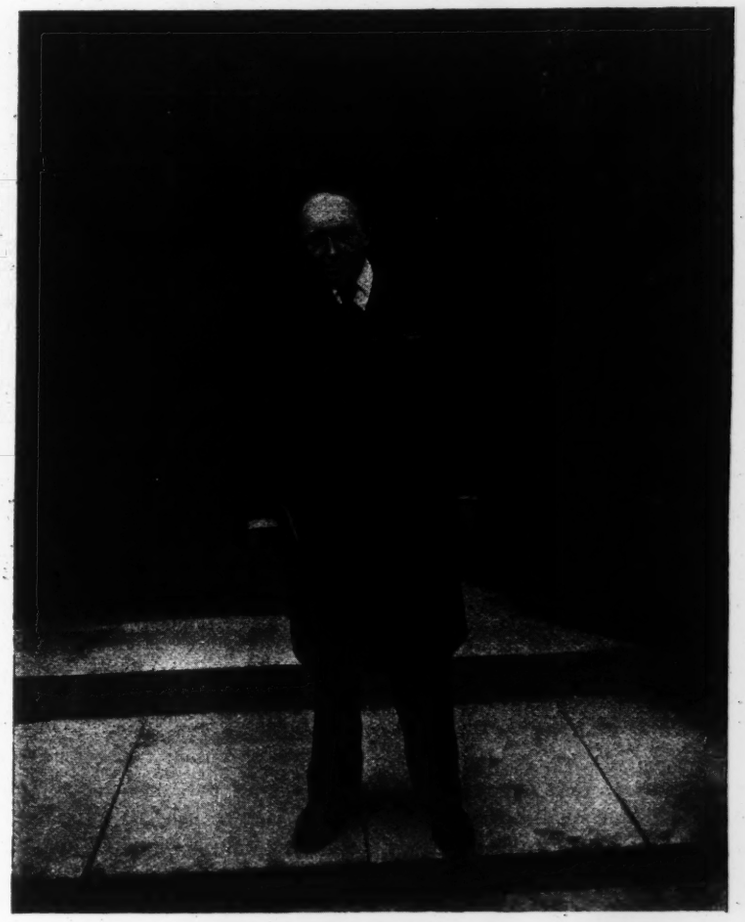
ROBERT WALLACE.

SOME FACTS AND MEMORANDA.

REMAINS. My late brother when, some four months ago, I wrote urging him, from the Philistine or literary-commercial point of view, to push on with the two works he was engaged upon—a monograph on George Buchanan for the "Famous Scots" series published by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, and "Reminiscences of a Checkered Life," which he had undertaken to prepare for a London firm—answered me, "I am doing the best

ROBERT WALLACE.
From Photo by Emerson, Cheapside.

I can with both, but owing to my work at the House, lecturing engagements, Bar business, etc., I move more slowly than I should like. Besides, I have a fragment of a conscience left, and must do my utmost—or not at all." When, as one of his executors, I looked into his affairs after his death, I found that "George Buchanan," on which his "fragment of a conscience" had expended enormous labour, was in a fairly advanced condition, but that the chapters of the "Reminiscences" which he had completed covered only the periods of his childhood and schoolboyhood. Whether these fragments, which in point of literary workmanship are at least equal to anything he ever wrote, should be given to the world as they stand, whether in due course there should not be published an authoritative narrative of the remarkable and diversified career of a man who, according to the *Spectator*, was "one of the ablest and wittiest men of his generation," and according to the *Speaker* was "one of the most acute and powerful intellects the Liberal party possessed," are questions that will fall to be considered by others whose say in such matters will naturally and properly be more decisive than mine. His literary assets, so to speak, are, besides the fragments I have mentioned, a large number of the sermons he delivered as minister of Old Greyfriars' Church, Edinburgh, and the lectures he latterly gave throughout the country, and into the preparation of which he threw himself heart and soul, on various phases of Parliamentary life, the Philosophy of Cant, and other subjects. There are in addition the numerous articles he wrote for newspapers and magazines. At the present moment I cannot say whether the lectures he delivered as Professor of Church History in Edinburgh University can be recovered.



ROBERT WALLACE.
From a Photograph taken on the Terrace of the House of Commons by Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P., and reproduced by kind permission.

The Keynote to his Life. The newspaper accounts of that life have been so just, generous, and free from inaccuracies—by the way, however, the writer of a singularly cordial article in the *Daily Telegraph* erred in describing him as having been a minister of the *Free* Church—that it is unnecessary and would be impertinent on my part to supplement them, at all events at present. It must be enough to say that it is a mistake to explain the "variety" in his career, as the *Spectator* and other journals have not unnaturally done, by "mercuriality." He was the least mercurial of men; indeed, he was exceptionally slow to move. He left the ministry of his Church because he felt fettered by its creed, and an opportunity seemed to have come to him—as it did unsought by him—to use his faculties in what he considered an honester way. At the time he made the change, he wrote me, "I have taken this step that I may have more freedom." He may have erred, but of the honesty of his purpose, and of the moral continuity of his whole career, there is no doubt whatever. Moral continuity, not mercuriality, was the keynote of his life, and explains everything that seems "erratic." He received "a call" to contest East Edinburgh in 1886 against Mr. Goschen, and obeyed it because he believed in the essential righteousness of Mr. Gladstone's policy. It was because the Home Rule Bill of 1893 as it finally stood appeared to him a departure from that policy that he criticised it in a speech which is historically memorable. It was because he regarded a policy of Imperialism—even of "sane Imperialism"—as a violation of the moral law as applied to the government of the country and the empire that he opposed it, and died proclaiming his opposition. If he should prove to have erred here also, let the character of his error be understood—let it be known that he "sincerely loved the light and did not prefer to it any little private darkness of his own."

Hereditary and other Influences. My brother was the second and incomparably the ablest of the five sons—there were no daughters—of Jasper Wallace, gardener for the later and longer portion of his life on the estate of Dunimarle in the Fifeshire (once Perthshire) parish of Culross. Of this family I alone survive. Two of my brothers died in infancy. John, the third, a man of as tender a heart as Robert, and a lighter, more agile, more Lamb-like humour, died many years ago the respected and beloved minister of New Deer in Aberdeenshire. In his fragmentary "Reminiscences" my brother has included such exquisitely executed portraits of our father and mother

—her maiden name was Elizabeth Archibald—that until it is decided whether these are to be published or not I shall not insult their memory with any hurried daub of mine. It must suffice to say that this couple set themselves to live on the highest moral plane attainable by them, and that their success in the conduct of their lives, in the government of their family, and even in the attainment of a serene happiness, was perhaps as nearly perfect as is humanly possible. From my father—a man of the greatest natural faculty, who read everything he came across, and knew the Psalms of David, the Sermon on the Mount, and the more important poems of Burns by heart—my brother inherited his uncompromising veracity and independence, his democratic sympathies, his love of freedom, his fierce and almost ungovernable hatred of whatever savoured of oppression, his intense affection for his relatives, which when it broke the bounds of self-control was truly terrible, a fair-mindedness which enabled him to love much but prevented him from hating anyone or even dogmatising on personal motives, and above all a rich humour which revelled in fantastic exaggeration, and in which there was not a taint of Rabelaisianism. From our mother—whom it was his privilege to love and cherish after our father's death, whose will was law to her children, whose dying words to me were, "At least I disciplined you well"—my brother inherited his dark hair and complexion, large hands which seemed to me to be always trying to get round large questions, sagacity, a tendency to silence, solitariness—not social solitude, much less utter personal loneliness—fits of depression, and a strong will which overcame all temporary weaknesses. My brother, the story of whose university career has been told with remarkable accuracy in the newspapers, owed also much to one of his teachers, John Christie, of Geddes Institution, Culross, a man of powerful and impressive character. My father belonged originally to the keenly political and essentially Cameronian weaver folk of Fifeshire. My grandfather, like my brother, died of apoplexy, when engaged at his usual work.

Creeds. My brother always and vehemently declined to be ticketed Agnostic, Positivist, Cosmic Pantheist, even Rationalist, and, indeed, shrank from giving a personal turn to any controversy on the mystery of life. A more essentially reverent man I never knew. When a Churchman he never attacked Dissenters as such. When he was in the full plenitude of his powers—he was no less strong physically than mentally—and when he was in the humorous vein, he could not help having a flying shot at any woodenhead, fanatic, *farçeur*, or Pharisee that happened to go past him in the pride of pomp and folly. But he was as incapable of a desire to wound any one as he was of a wish to shock the simple faith of his parents. He regarded religion as on the one side the science and on the other the art of Duty and Destiny, and he wished to see the Churches converted into institutes of thinkers for the free —yet regulated—teaching of both science and art. His morality was entirely subjective. He judged men by what they are, not by what they have, or even what they achieve. Politics he considered as the science and art of human happiness in society. He was a thorough-going Democrat according to his lights, and he disliked the hereditary principle almost as much as he disliked modern "Imperialism." But he was opposed to Socialism. He once said to me, "It may be a misfortune for a man to be a peer or a millionaire, but it is not a crime." I fancy—I am not quite certain—that he looked forward to the triumph of free trade all over the world as likely to bring both wars and labour disputes to an end.

Journalism. I believe my brother to have been one of the best writers of leading articles that Scotland or Great Britain has produced. But he looked upon the writing of such articles as a work of art and of moral conviction—as getting hold of a good serious or humorous conception and working it patiently out. He did not believe in, and would not attempt, what he called "sentence-spinning against time," the making of more or less intelligent remarks at one in the morning. He thought such journalism should be reduced to a minimum, and that in every issue of a daily newspaper there should be a work of art such as I have described. Perhaps he was not far wrong.

Death. The storms of fate beat in vain upon that strong head. But I fear that a succession of bereavements—he lost his eldest son, who was a young man of great promise, his devoted wife, and a grandchild in succession—did indeed break that gallant heart. After the days of his mourning were over, he wrote me, "these repeated contacts with death may be telling on me," and spoke more than once of "a fading interest in life." Then came a weakening attack of influenza. When he visited me in March last, I noticed that he was weaker than I had ever seen him. Yet he worked on with his old resolution. At last the end came in an enviably sudden and painless death. London looked its brightest, and summer was vocal with rejoicings over its long delayed resurrection, as in Kensal Green we laid the remains of one who to me was the bravest, sincerest, ablest of men. Yet as we turned away to our appointed tasks, I to breaking the stones of impersonal journalism at the roadside of public discussion, hope, if not faith, revived. Our mighty may have fallen, but I cannot believe that all the seed of genuine if undogmatic religious and ethical teaching, of strong politico-social thought, of loving brotherliness, which with so generous a hand he scattered over the fields of a varied life, has fallen on stony ground. My lot it must be to walk in shadow for many a day, perhaps for ever, but were it not impious, I should ask to see some of that seed fructifying ere the end of my chapter comes.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

By the death of the celebrated surgeon, Mr. Lawson Tait, the pressmen of Birmingham and the Midlands have lost a highly esteemed friend. Mr. Tait was a Life Associate of the Institute of Journalists, and one of the oldest members of the Birmingham Press Club, of which he had been President. He never missed if he could help it a social gathering at the club, and his genial humour, his clever speeches, and his brilliant story-telling added greatly to the enjoyment of such occasions. He was particularly proud of his association with the Press, and often recalled with satisfaction the additions he made to his earnings when he was a struggling practitioner in Yorkshire by his contributions to the *Leeds Mercury* and other

papers. His last appearance in Press circles was at the dinner recently given by the club to Mr. Bunce, when he made a delightfully humorous speech.

Mr. Richardson, of the *Staffordshire Sentinel*, has joined the sub-editorial staff of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*.

The *Birmingham Daily Gazette* has lost by death Mr. Harry Foster, who had been connected with the paper for some years, and who for nine years past had acted as its sporting editor. This sad termination, at the age of thirty-two, of a promising career is a matter of regret to a wide circle of journalists in Birmingham and elsewhere.

Another member of the *Birmingham Gazette* staff, Mr. J. Redfern Mason, has broken down in health, and, after a stay of four weeks at Blackpool, has been ordered to the Mediterranean as the only possible means of regaining his strength. His interesting and scholarly theatrical criticisms and other special work for the *Gazette* have gained him a high position in local journalism, and as the hon. secretary to the Birmingham and Midland Counties District of the Institute of Journalists he has during the past two years rendered valuable service to his profession. Throughout the district much sympathy is felt for Mr. Mason, and his return with re-established health will be warmly welcomed.

Mr. E. G. Farrington, who has been for seven years on the reporting staff of the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, has accepted a post on the *North Star*, Darlington. He is to take charge of the Stockton district for that journal.

Mr. H. F. Patterson, formerly of the *North Star*, Darlington, has recently undertaken the management of the *Independent* newspaper, Dublin.

A party of about 350 joined in the *Liverpool Courier* pic-nic at Llangollen on Saturday, June 17th. The event throughout was marked by much enthusiastic pleasantry, and, with a perfect day and among romantic scenes, passed off with gratifying success. Dinner and tea were served in the Assembly Rooms, the catering being done admirably by Mr. J. S. Shaw, of the Royal Hotel. The arrangements for the "outing" were carried through without a hitch of any kind by a special committee, of whom Mr. J. E. J. Holmes was chairman and treasurer, and Mr. A. H. Ward Jones secretary.

Mr. H. G. Robinson, for many years a prominent member of the staff of the *Liverpool Courier*, has resigned his position on being appointed general secretary of the Licensed Victuallers' National Defence League.

Mr. J. Gosnell, of Wellington, Somerset, has been re-elected President of the Taunton sub-district of the Institute of Journalists for the ensuing year, and Mr. W. H. Mason, of Taunton, has been chosen as honorary secretary for the sixth or seventh time. The Bristol district contemplate paying a visit to Taunton in July.

Mr. A. H. Luke, who recently left Wellington, Somerset, to take a journalistic post at Penarth, has now secured an appointment on the reporting staff of the *Devon and Exeter Daily Gazette* at Exeter.

Mr. William Maxwell, who has for some years represented the *Scotsman* in Glasgow, has become proprietor of the *Somerset County Express*, published at Taunton, where he has received a cordial welcome at the hands of the Taunton sub-district of the Institute of Journalists. Mr. Maxwell acted for a time as secretary of the Glasgow and West of Scotland district of the Institute.

The adjourned annual meeting of the members of the South Essex sub-district of the Institute of Journalists was held at the Swan Hotel, Stratford, on Friday evening, June 2nd, Mr. J. W. Hickson presiding. Some references from the Council of the Institute were discussed, as well as a matter affecting the severance of two members of the Institute from the staff of a Forest Gate paper. The officers for the year for the sub-district were appointed as follows:—Chairman, Mr. J. W. Hickson; vice-chairman, Mr. A. W. Hopper; representative on London committee, Mr. E. V. Waddell; committee, Messrs. W. H. Brown, J. Hatton, E. S. Lawrence, J. Ridout, and G. H. Wykes. Mr. E. V. Waddell was re-elected hon. secretary.

Mr. E. E. Campion has left the sub-editorial staff of the *Lancashire Daily Post* and *Preston Guardian* to take a similar position on his father's (Alderman Sam Campion, J.P.) journals—the *Northampton Mercury* and *Northampton Daily Reporter*. He is succeeded at Preston by Mr. Armitt, of the *Bolton Evening News*.

The Cardiff Hibernian Sports Committee have presented Mr. H. W. Wells ("Welsh Athlete" of the *Western Mail*) with a gold medal "for valuable service rendered in promoting sport in South Wales."

The last change at the *Preston Herald* office is the substitution of Mr. Joynson, formerly of Manchester, for Mr. Williamson, who has severed his connection with the paper.

Mr. Bryant, sub-editor, is leaving the *Bradford Daily Argus* for another appointment.

The Rev. G. A. Macdonnel, vicar of Bisbrooke, and for many years the writer of the contributions on chess, signed "Mars," in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, has recently died in his seventieth year.

Mr. H. B. Vogel, eldest son of the late Sir Julius Vogel, is the new editor of the *People* in succession to Capt. Carlisle.

An evening paper will shortly be issued in connection with the *Newcastle Daily Leader*.

Mr. J. H. Goodger, late of the *Daily Argus*, has been appointed second sub-editor of the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*.

Mr. Heap, sub-editor of the *Leeds Daily News* and *Saturday Journal*, and formerly of Birmingham, Bradford, and Blackburn, is leaving Leeds to take up a post at Dublin on the *Irish Weekly Times*.

Mr. Wm. Grove Thomas, for forty-three years a reporter on the *Kentish Mercury*, has hanged himself after suffering from insomnia.

WALES.

Much surprise is expressed in Welsh journalistic circles that no part of North Wales will be visited on the occasion of the annual conference of the Institute of Journalists at Liverpool at the end of August. This is all the more unaccountable as Liverpool is such a splendid centre for visits to the Principality, and places like Llandudno, Rhyl, and Llangollen would well repay a journey thither.

Mr. Frank B. Mason, proprietor of the *Tenby Observer*, has been presented by his employés with a solid silver punch bowl and a pair of silver vases *en suite*, in commemoration of his marriage with Miss Goodeve. The home-coming of the happy couple was celebrated by an outing to the Stack Rocks, followed by a supper provided in the public hall at Mr. Mason's expense.

IRELAND.

We regret to announce the death of Dr. Shaw, S.F.T.C.D., which took place in Dublin on Monday, 19th ult. Dr. Shaw was a leading Irish journalist. He served his apprenticeship —some time in the sixties—as a leader-writer on the *Nation*. Some years later he became connected with the *Irish Times* as chief leader-writer, and joint editor with the late Dr. Wheeler. He subsequently edited *Saunders' News-Letter*, and in 1881 or 1882 became a contributor to the *Evening Mail*. Since that time he contributed many brilliant and delightful articles to the *Mail*, the last article appearing a few days before his death. He was a lover of the drama and of music, and had many friends among the principal actors of his time, to some of whom his kindly praise first helped to bring fame and fortune. Had Dr. Shaw been spared till Saturday, June 24th, he would have been elected Vice-Provost of Trinity College, in the room of Dr. Ingram, resigned.

Mr. William O'Brien is about to start a new weekly paper in Dublin. He has appointed Mr. T. McCarthy, of the *Evening Telegraph* editorial staff, his assistant editor.

Mr. McCarthy's place in the *Evening Telegraph* will be taken by Mr. William Barrett, of the *Cork Examiner*. A month ago Mr. Barrett was elected Chairman of the Irish Association District of the Institute of Journalists, in succession to Mr. J. P. Hayden, M.P. The annual meeting of the district took place on June 3rd in Dublin, and the annual dinner, over which Mr. Barrett presided, the same evening, at the Grand Hotel, Malahide.

ISLE OF MAN.

In connection with the annual conference of the Institute of Journalists to be held in Liverpool during the last week in August, a steamer has been chartered to convey the members of conference on a day trip to Douglas and back on the 31st August. The Isle of Man sub-district of the Institute has secured a grant of £200 from the Douglas Corporation for the purpose of entertaining the visitors. A very good programme has been arranged.

Mr. Samuel Norris, Isle of Man district reporter, *Liverpool Mercury*, has been elected a member of the Institute of Journalists.

NEW BOOKS.

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY ON MATTHEW ARNOLD.*

Professor Saintsbury's monograph on Matthew Arnold may claim to be in at least one particular the very counterpart of his subject, as this is regarded by the author. Arnold, in Professor Saintsbury's view, is an exquisite poet and felicitous critic, the symmetry of whose genius is marred by an ugly excrescence, which it is his biographer's professional duty to extirpate. This, it need not be said, is his treatment of the political and religious questions of his day. We on our parts consider Mr. Saintsbury's essay a most admirable piece of criticism so long as it deals with pure literature; but so soon as it quits that sphere every word of disparagement which Mr. Saintsbury directs against Mr. Arnold appears to us to recoil upon himself; and assuredly the feelings with which he describes his relief at witnessing Mr. Arnold's regression from political and religious controversy to literature, differ in

From Photo by] PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY. *[Moffat, Edinburgh.*

no respect from those which the observation of the like phenomenon evokes in his own case. It is not a question of truth and error. Professor Saintsbury's right to his opinion, and the free expression of it, is as incontestable as Mr. Arnold's. The point is that difference of sentiment should have so entirely blinded him to the weight and force of Arnold's controversial writings; to their absolute congruity with the author's personality, which would seem but a torso without them; and to their efficacy in permeating and shaping the general body of opinion. It is true that they are not widely read at present, but neither are the Tracts for the Times, or "Ecce Homo," or Helps's dialogues, or Maurice's essays, or any of the books, unless Robertson's Sermons be an exception, which have done most to mould contemporary thought. The mere fact of a book having appealed powerfully to its own generation is an argument for its proving in some measure out of tune with the next, but its peculiar gospel, be this what it may, has been transmitted and imbibed, and goes on operating like a hidden force of Nature.

Professor Saintsbury's assault on Arnold's polemical writings is nevertheless valuable in so far as its over-statements cover and include the sound proposition that Arnold's poetry takes rank before his prose. We have seen the converse assumed as self-evident; but no one susceptible to imagination or pathos could really prefer irony at the expense of narrow-minded ecclesiastics or middle-class Philistines, or even such criticism as Arnold on Heine or the translators of Homer, to the revival of the great heroic figures of the past; or to lyric protests against the frequent cruelty of Life and Fortune, intense as Byron, dignified as Sophocles. In our opinion the greatest of Arnold's poems is the one in which this epic grandeur and this lyric passion are most perfectly combined, and we must regret that Professor Saintsbury, whose judgments on his author's poems rarely leave room for cavil or remonstrance, should have found so little to say about "Sohrab and Rustum." The poetical literature of our century is brilliant with almost every kind of excellence, but since Byron and Wordsworth there are two things which our poets cannot do, they cannot attain the sublime, and they cannot draw tears. Two modern pieces alone, most dissimilar in form and structure, possess the tear-compelling spell of Virgil and Euripides; one is the stately "Sohrab and Rustum," the other Tennyson's almost childishly simple "Edward Gray." This alone would give "Sohrab and Rustum" a high place, but almost every other element as well as pathos that goes to the making of a great poem is present in it to an equal degree. The same, except that the sufferings of Norse deities cannot touch the breast as deeply as those of fellow-mortals, is true of the companion poem, "Balder Dead." We are not surprised to find Professor Saintsbury depreciating this noble work, for he has contemporary critical opinion on his side. But never, we venture to think, was contemporary opinion more mistaken. Everywhere else, so long as poetry is the Professor's theme, we find ourselves in hearty agreement with him; and Arnold's poetry is his immortal part.

In expressing this opinion we by no means wish to undervalue either the part of Arnold's critical work which Professor Saintsbury disesteems, or that which he appreciates equally with ourselves. The fact is simply that, except in the rare instances when, like Lessing or Ruskin, a critic can be a legislator, criticism cannot be a passport to immortality. Arnold could not be a legislator. Neither in the field of politics, or theology, or æsthetics, does he claim to speak with authority. Compare his essays with those of another distinguished modern poet and critic, Coventry Patmore, and it will be perceived that Patmore is a seer and Arnold an advocate. That Patmore's angularities and limitations rendered his gift far less influential and serviceable than Arnold's is true, but the original endowment was higher for all that. Thrice in his life, notwithstanding, Arnold had a vision of an important principle or fact which no contemporary saw so clearly, and the result was on each occasion an essay which, though it may cease to be read long ere his verse has ceased to charm, will influence English literature to the latest ages. In his memorable Preface of 1853 he proclaimed the need of symmetry and unity in poetical composition, and the worthlessness of incoherent beauty. In his lectures on translating Homer he showed, though he hardly exemplified, the necessity of noble style in rendering noble art. In his essays on Celtic literature he summed up the peculiar, indefinable quality which renders the best English poetry so exquisite under the happy phrase "Celtic magic." Professor Saintsbury seems to have some doubts about the adjective, but can it be denied that such a book as Joyce's Irish Legends is steeped in what Arnold meant by "magic," and that Anglo-Saxon poetry has none of it? Professor Saintsbury, who has edited Peacock's "Misfortunes of Elphin," knows that the Welsh peasant personifies the foam of the sea as "the white alluring one." Would he not be surprised to find an English peasant doing the like? And if the magic of such a phrase is Celtic, why not call it Celtic magic?

R. GARNETT.

* "Matthew Arnold." By George Saintsbury. Modern English Writers. 2s. 6d. (Blackwood and Sons.)

BISHOP CREIGHTON'S QUEEN ELIZABETH.*

This is a reprint of the text of the very handsome and beautifully illustrated volume bearing the same title which was published three years ago by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon and Co. In its first form the work appealed chiefly to those who are happily endowed with artistic taste and a long purse. In its present form it will appeal to the infinitely greater number who relish and prize the results of scholarly research when served up to them in a pleasant and attractive manner. Its price now

* "Queen Elizabeth." By Mandell Creighton, D.D., Lord Bishop of London. With Portrait. New Edition. 6s. (Longmans.)

brings it also within the reach of students; and by them it will be appreciated as embodying the matured opinions of a thoroughly competent, level-headed, widely-read historian; though doubtless they would have prized it more had he given references for the quotations with which his pages are so lavishly besprinkled.

Some of the misprints in the first edition provokingly reappear in this. Perhaps the least excusable of these is the transformation of such a well-known Ambassador as Sir *James* Melville into Sir *John* Melville. A few additional misprints have crept into the new edition. The most amusing of these occurs in connection with the Duke of Norfolk, who is now said to have been released from the Tower "after solemnly *singing* a declaration that he would never again undertake any project for marrying Mary of Scotland." None save the Bishop's ecclesiastical opponents will imagine for a moment that the substitution of *singing* for *signing* has anything to do with the alleged development of his Lordship's ritualistic proclivities since he exchanged the see of Peterborough for that of London. The looseness in chronology which somewhat marred the first edition is also reproduced. As is well known, Henry VIII. died on the 28th of January, 1546 7. Dr. Creighton simply says that he died "in 1546." This is quite correct, if we are to reckon, as was then reckoned, that the year began on the 25th of March. But when, for example, he refers to Darnley's murder, he gives as the date "February 10, 1567." The year, however, was still reckoned to begin on the 25th of March; and therefore to preserve his consistency, Dr. Creighton should either have placed Henry the Eighth's death in 1547 or Darnley's in 1566. This is not the only variety of chronological confusion into which he has slipped. The Queen of Scots was executed on the 8th of February, 1586-7. Dr. Creighton gives as the day "February 18," which is correct according to the Gregorian or New Style; but that Style was not adopted in Britain until 1752. Had he followed the same Style regarding Elizabeth's death, he would have placed it, not on the 24th of March as he has done, but on the 3rd of April. In both editions he gives two dates for the Duke of Alençon's death, May 1585 and May 1584. This inconsistency is, of course, due to no change in the style, but to a slip of the pen or a misprint.

There is a looseness of another kind into which Dr. Creighton occasionally lapses. Mary Tudor, he says, "continued to hope against hope, but felt that those around her did not share her delusions. Elizabeth was the next heir to the throne. If she were set aside, the succession would be Mary of Scotland, whose French marriage made her more dangerous to Philip than was Elizabeth." Ordinary readers would infer from this that Mary Stuart was already married to the Dauphin of France, but the Bishop is speaking of a period when the Queen of Scots was still an unmarried girl. Again, in referring to Elizabeth's duplicity in reproving Murray after his unsuccessful rebellion, Dr. Creighton represents her as "having performed this comedy for the good of the ambassadors of France and Spain." This is based, no doubt, on Sir James Melville's statement, but it is absolutely certain that Melville was in error in saying that the Spanish Ambassador was present on that occasion. The Bishop of London, however, does not always follow Melville slavishly. In summarising Melville's account of one of his own interviews with Elizabeth he makes him reply, in answer to her question concerning Leicester, "that the Princess was happy who could reward such a worthy servant;" whereas, Melville said that, as Leicester was a worthy subject, he was happy that had rencountered a princess that could discern and reward good service.

These are trifling flaws and do not seriously affect the substantial value of the work, which takes a broad and on the whole a very just view of Elizabeth and her contemporaries. Nonconformists will doubtless take exception to some of Bishop Creighton's remarks concerning the early Puritans and the persecution they were called to endure. Another class would have been better pleased had he used stronger language in describing Elizabeth's conduct towards the Queen of Scots. Yet he is by no means blind to the grave faults and inconsistencies of the English Queen; but he holds that by the adverse experience of her youth she was trained as few rulers are; that much of her trickery and persistent inconsistency were due to the difficulties which encompassed her, and were prompted by a genuine desire to serve her country and her people; and that her irresolute, time-serving, hand to-mouth, unscrupulous policy was sometimes more successful than the bolder and less halting plans of her advisers would have proved.

In ecclesiastical matters the Bishop of London is inclined to estimate highly Elizabeth's views and foresight. "She had," he says, "a conception of her own of the independence of the Church." But if Sandys is to be trusted, it was Lever who "wisely put such a scruple in the Queen's head that she would not take the title of supreme head." According to Dr. Creighton:—"She maintained the authority of the Bishops and rated it higher than they did themselves. . . . She treated them with greater respect than she showed to any of her ministers or favourites." It is the case, nevertheless, that Archbishop Parker was "well chidden" by her, as he himself testifies; and Archbishop Whitgift, it is alleged, was "shrewdly shent and rebuked by her."

Dr. Creighton has quite overlooked a remarkable and picturesque episode in Elizabeth's childhood. He says:—"The child saw little of her mother. Once only do we find her mentioned at court. It was on January 9th, 1536, when the news of the death of Queen Catherine had just arrived. Henry appeared dressed all in yellow, save for a white plume in his cap. After dinner he carried Elizabeth in his arms round the room, and showed her with triumph to the assembled courtiers. Anne joined in Henry's triumph, but her joy was of short duration." There was still another occasion, however, and a more tragic one, on which a glimpse is given of the royal infant associated with her father and mother. Alesius tells that in Greenwich Palace he saw Anne Boleyn, with the child in her arms, entreating the King, who was evidently angry, although he could control his emotions wonderfully well. That evening the thundering of the cannon proclaimed that some one of great consequence had been committed to the Tower. "Deep was the grief of all the godly," he says, and "loud the joy of the hypocrites," when next morning it was learned that the prisoner was the Queen.

D. HAY FLEMING.

LOWELL AND HIS FRIENDS.*

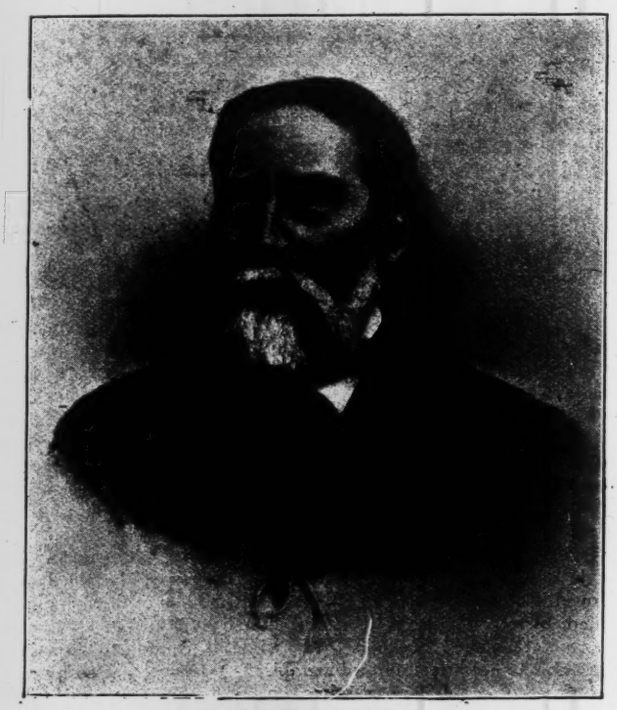
Readers who are acquainted with Mr. Hale's other books do not need to be told that the one now under review is eminently readable. It is discursive, as books of memories should be; and it is rather disjointed. But it is lucid, and brightened by that freakish humour with which he has already made us familiar—a kind of humour which the British public, who, on his showing, "have little or no humour of their own," but "are curiously alive for humour in others," may be trusted to detect. There is nothing to complain of in the way he has done his work more serious than the recurrence of such phases as, "I shall have something to say later on," "As I shall speak of again," "Which our next chapter will show," "I must postpone further reference," "We shall see presently," which are rather slovenly and very irritating. The place of Lowell's biography is fairly, but we will hope not finally, supplied by the "Letters," so well edited by Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, published in 1894. Mr. Hale is careful to explain that he has not attempted a biography. "This is not so much a history of his life," he writes, "as an effort to show the circumstances which surrounded his life and which account for the course of it" (p. 100). Herein is its value, for it throws a great deal of light on that inner life, without a proper apprehension of which character and public conduct can never be correctly judged.

If Lowell had prejudices too strong, and was too good a hater to be rightly termed an "all-round" man, he was, at any rate, many-sided. He was a poet and a critic—possibly not of the first rank, but certainly not very far below it; and he was a scholar; and a humorist always. Above all, he was a man of action, who, discerning in "some great cause the new Messiah," answered without hesitation calls to public service, and to such causes gave himself—poetry, criticism, scholarship and all—without reserve. He was prompt and energetic in deeds and wise in counsel; combining clearness of judgment with courage which never faltered. An enthusiast, without being a fanatic, he gave dignity as well as force to the movements he aided. All this we may have known before; but Mr. Hale, in his narrative, greatly helps us to realise it. He brings also into just prominence the disinterested kindness of the man, and his large-hearted social spirit which made the friendships he formed with the best men and women whom he met, friendships for life. It is noticeable how many of the companions of even his

* "James Russell Lowell and his Friends." By Edward Everett Hale. 16s. (Archibald Constable and Co.)

college days were held to him by the closest ties until, in old age, death severed them. It is curious that Curtis, the one who of all these was, perhaps, Lowell's closest comrade, is not so much as named in the book. This fine man of letters and chivalrous gentleman fought side by side with Lowell in the various efforts for the purification of national life, from Abolitionism onward. His temperament was more delicate and his sympathies were more far-reaching than Lowell's, while in courage and integrity the two men were equal.

Lowell, the man of letters, is known more or less to everyone. As an editor he distinguished himself in his conduct of the *Atlantic Monthly* during the first four years of its existence. The leading he gave has been followed to this day under his capable successors, Fields, Howells, Aldrich and Scudder. "I have worked under many editors, good and bad," says Mr. Hale. "Not one of them understood his business better than Lowell, or worked at its details more faithfully." He was one who welcomed and encouraged new writers of ability. He "discovered," among many others, Howells and Aldrich, and it is said that he induced Wendell Holmes to resume his pen, which he had abandoned years before for medical practice. Lowell's prose writings may be described in the terms he once applied to Mr. Higginson's essays. They are "scholarly, picturesque, and above all, earnest." In literary criticism he



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

has certain limitations due to temperament, which make him unequal. Thus, while nothing could be better than his estimates of, say, Fielding and Wordsworth, when he attempts to appraise Coleridge his own purposeful energy makes him intolerant of one whose aspirations were so much in excess of fulfilment, and he does not see that the failures of Coleridge were, after all, grander than many strenuous men's achievements. His best verse reaches a high level, but sometimes his Muse halts. When Mr. Hale was editing *Old and New*, he asked Emerson to review "The Cathedral," then just published; but Emerson "returned the book the next day," writes Mr. Hale, "saying he could not write the article. When I met him next, I expressed my regret; and the philosopher said simply, 'But I *like* Lowell, I like Lowell.' To which I replied, 'Yes, and you like the poem, do you not?' 'I like it —yes; but I think he had to pump.'".

This notice must not be closed without some reference to the series of admirable pictures with which the book is illustrated. The portrait of Lowell which forms the frontispiece is indeed somewhat too ethereal to quite represent the man we seem to know; but there are others characteristic enough. The most interesting of all is of that lovely and accomplished woman, Maria White, the first Mrs. Lowell, of whom it has been said that "to be near her was to live in an atmosphere of moral beauty." On a character, already so well disposed as Lowell's, her beneficent influence during their nine short years of married life can hardly be over-estimated.

WALTER LEWIN.

MR. MURRAY'S EDITION OF CHILDE HAROLD.*

It is a fortunate circumstance that the work of Byron's which the mention of his name most readily calls to mind is just of the compass which, due allowance being made for the liberal annotation of an editor who delights in his work as Mr. Coleridge does, neatly fills one volume of Mr. Murray's edition. The convenient, handy size, the almost exuberant but not extravagant accompaniment of pertinent annotation, the pictorial illustration and the general elegance of every detail, render this volume in every way so desirable a possession as to make one wish that it could be issued separately, as perhaps it eventually may.

We have spoken of "Childe Harold" as perhaps the most memorable work of Byron's, because the most characteristic. Other productions of his may possibly contain finer poetry; but there is nothing else that so distinctly paints the man, both as he wished to appear and as he actually was. It is no objection to this view that the poem should be full of insincere sentiment; insincerity for the sake of effect, as with Napoleon and Disraeli, was so natural and such a matter of course with Byron that it almost ceased to be insincere. He alternately admitted and denied having represented himself in the character of Harold; there cannot be the least doubt that he did so; but the representation, in some respects real enough, in others depicted an ideal which he would have wished to have been nearer reality than it was. Man must be judged, however, by his aspirations as well as by his deeds, and to thoroughly realise this man we must keep the posing Byron of the poem in view, as well as the frank and genuine Byron of the correspondence.

As the thoughts of "Childe Harold" are a mixture of sincere and insincere sentiment, so the diction blends noble oratory and exquisite natural description with mere padding and awful writhings under the tyranny of rhyme. In this respect, too, it is more characteristic of the author than a more finished and artistic work, which would indeed have been most uncharacteristic. The most salient trait of the man, as Matthew Arnold has so well pointed out in his famous verses, was the fiery energy that would never stick at trifles. Great as was his poetical genius, it was hardly sufficient for the perfect execution of so grand an enterprise as "Childe Harold," involving the description of the finest works of nature and art, and the most memorable historical scenes in Europe, in language not below their own sublimity, and in the grandest, the most musical, and the most difficult metre in the English or perhaps in any language. The celebrated *bon mot* on the Hegelian philosophy applies here; not one of the great poets of Byron's day could have performed such a task but Byron himself, and he could not perform it. In his gigantic strivings to get through his undertaking as best he can he may be compared to Benvenuto Cellini hurling his own plates and cups into the furnace when the bronze for his Perseus fell short, save that Cellini's adventitious material was silver, and that Byron's was too often potsherd. This has prejudiced his fame with a generation more exacting than his own as regards artistic finish, and has subjected him to much just and much pedantic criticism, of which latter Mr. Ruskin affords a specimen in his rebuke of Byron for being two centuries wrong in the date of a Venetian bridge. The time will come, however, when the energy will be more prized than the finish; and all must recognise this mark of true genius in Byron, that he invariably rises with his subject. Great is the advance from the first canto, with its description of Harold's unedifying life and sneers at the Convention of Cintra, to its inspired tributes to nature, art, and humanity in Greece, Switzerland, and Italy, culminating in that address to the Ocean which, in spite of one very flagrant flaw, convinced Shelley that Byron was a great poet. One only wonders that Shelley had not been convinced of this before.

We have already expressed our opinion of Mr. Coleridge's

* "The Works of Lord Byron." A new, revised, and enlarged edition, with illustrations. Poetry, Vol. 22. 6s. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. (John Murray.)

edition, which might be described as perfect if perfection could be predicated of anything human but the choicest works of art. All the editor's remarks are sensible and just, and the literary illustrations are selected with exquisite taste and discrimination. One or two very slight oversights may be touched upon. "The elderly Jean Jacques" (p. 301) was only forty four at the period referred to. The correct reading in Shelley's "Lines among the Euganean Hills" (p. 335) is not *sea-girt*, but *sun-girt*. Byron's obligations to Shelley are so great that it is worth while pointing out as some set off that stanza cxxx. of the fourth canto of "Childe Harold" certainly originated the passage in Shelley's "Defence of Poetry" on "the mediator and redeemer, Time." For additional information respecting Byron's daughter Ada reference might have been made to an article in *Bentley's Miscellany* for 1853, accompanied by a portrait. The new portrait of Byron at Venice, engraved from a picture in the possession of Mr. Horatio Brown, is so interesting that we should have been glad of some further information respecting the artist, Ruckard, hitherto unknown to us. Special praise is due to the beautiful reproduction of "The Dying Gaul." Literary hypercritics of Byron should note that had he not, in common with everyone else at the time, mistaken this statue for a Dying Gladiator, one of the noblest passages in English poetry would never have been written.

MR. E. HARTLEY COLERIDGE.
From Photo by H. Bell, Ambleside.

THE DOMINION OF DREAMS.*

One of Miss Macleod's new stories tells how a certain shepherd, wandering at night over a lonely marshland, sees a piper piping among a flock of sheep. He had a black feather in his bonnet and black streamers from his pipes, and his music was now full of mockery and now full of melancholy, and when the shepherd tried to go towards him he seemed always as far off as ever. The shepherd stood to listen, and suddenly he found that the piper was quite close, and that what he had thought sheep were but shadows of all shapes and sizes. They were, and he did not know how he knew this, the shadows of all the piper had seen that day—the shadows of trees and plants and cattle, and of a dead man in a corrie, and of the shepherd himself, as he had lost it an hour ago at the set of the sun. Being terrified, and angry because he was terrified, he tried to seize the piper with his hands, and fell against a rock, striking his head, and as he fell he saw the shadows change to a flock of curlews and fly away. Presently he awoke out of a swoon and began wandering here and there, looking for the curlew that had been his shadow, until being at last worn out, he lay down and slept, and as he slept the piper came, but looking different, for now he had long black hair, and stood beside him, and took up the shadow of a reed and played upon it. A curlew came nearer and nearer, and the piper played it back into a shadow and played the shadow into the mind of the shepherd. When day had come the shepherd awoke and gave "three cries of the curlew," and began to wander back aimlessly in the way he had come. People explained his madness by saying that the Dark Fool, the Amadan Dhu, had "touched" him.

I give this story, which loses much of its mystery in my bare chronicle, because it is easier to unwind it than to unwind her more complicated stories, and I am anxious to discover the thoughts about which her art is wound. Other writers are busy with the way men and women act in sorrow or in joy, but Miss Macleod has re-discovered the art of the myth-makers, and gives a visible shape to joys and sorrows, and makes them seem realities and men and women illusions. It was minds like hers that created Aphrodite out of love and the foam of the sea, and Prometheus out of human thought and its likeness to leaping fire. We understand in some dim way that her Amadan Dhu is some half-inspired madness such as marked men out in early times for a terrified worship, and that the shadows that gather about him like sheep are but our own memories, the things that make us ourselves and bind us to the world, in some peaceful mood, and that the shadows changed into curlews are our memories in some wilder mood; and because the links of resemblance are subtle and the full meaning beyond our reach, we understand with our emotions rather than with our reason, and the story is not allegory, but symbolism, and not prose, but poetry. Swedenborg and Jacob Boehme have begun to cast off the manners of the schools, and to talk the fairy tales of children, and from this union of the lofty with the simple religious myth has been re-born.

A change in thought in the world makes us understand that we are not walled up within our immediate senses, but bound one to another, and to some greater life, by a secret communion of thought and emotion that can in a moment fling up into the waking mind some dream or vision of a far-off friend, and of his circumstance, or of a hidden and consoling loveliness; and at once a kind of literature, which passed away with the ancient world and its witchcraft, begins to arise in every European country. This literature has a power over strange effects, for it can trust itself to dim emotions of beauty, as no literature can, which believes its revelation comes out of the waking mind. One of these stories tells of Eoan and Finola, whose house is "on a sun-swept mound in the wood." "Long ago he had eaten mistletoe berries in moonshine, and had not waked again. Finola, loving him more than life, had changed herself into the white stillness of sleep, and was a dream in his mind, and lay quiet and glad and at rest." And in another we are told of Aevgrain the daughter of Deirdre. "Then her white hands moved like swans through the shadowy flood that was her hair, and she put sleep from her."

Every kind of inspiration has its besetting faults, and perhaps because those who are at the beginning of movements have no models and no traditional restraints, Miss Macleod has faults enough to ruin an ordinary writer. Her search for dim resemblances sometimes brings her beyond the borders of coherence; and she has a way of using literary words, when the right words are the words of daily speech, that often makes some beautiful invention seem unreal. There is scarcely a story that would not be the better for the crossing out of many words. Before her shepherd sees the Dark Fool he hears the crying of sheep, and it is called a "lamentable melancholy sound, like children crying in some forlorn place." How much better this would have been without "lamentable," and with "lonely" or the like instead of "forlorn"! At another place she spoils a beautiful old Gaelic saying, that calls the cry of the wind and the cry of the wave and the cry of the curlew, the three oldest cries in the world, by calling them "the three lamentable elder voices of the world." The bent of nature, that makes her turn from circumstance and personalities to symbols and personifications, may perhaps leave her liable to an obession from certain emotional words, which have for her a kind of symbolic meaning, but her love of old tales should tell her that the great mysteries are best told in the simpler words.

W. B. YEATS.

* "The Dominion of Dreams." By Fiona Macleod. 6s. (A. Constable and Co.)

MRS. SHORTER'S "BALLADS AND POEMS."*

In the matter of mixed metaphors and bulls, the Irish are chartered. Hence, in speaking of an Irish woman-poet, an Irishman may perhaps be permitted to say that the very defects of some of Mrs. Shorter's poems are, in a sense, a testimony to her power. It is true that she rhymes "dawn" with "upon," "way" with "away," and is content to let such a line as—

> Tell the king a new vengeance had planned to wake her strange listlessness to life,

find its way (on foot, one is prepared to swear,) into print. Yet—and here is the point—ungainly as two or three passages in her new book may be, the ungainliness always impresses the reader who sees these same passages as they appear in the context, as the ungainliness which is often associated with great strength. All that Mrs. Shorter writes is the outcome of what, in most cases, one would call impulse, but which in hers may be described as inspiration. But inspiration is fitful, variable, elusive. While the poet sees truly, he speaks truly, but there come breaks, gaps, disconnections, and just in proportion to the poet's dependence upon inspiration will be the record of

* "Ballads and Poems." By Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter) 3s. 6d. (James Bowden.)

these disconnections in his work. The man or woman who, when inspiration fails, can make shift with art, will not hesitate at such times to call in the assistance of art, and often with passable results. But the sincerer poet, and of this company is Mrs. Shorter, is apt to scorn all adventitious aids. "Here," she says in effect, "is the thing as it came to me. Take it or leave it, as you like; but tamper with it, tinker it, I will not." Her theory of art is apparently that of Emerson, who holds that the poet—

> Shall not his brain encumber
> With the coil of rhythm and number,
> But leaving rule and pale forethought,
> He shall eye climb
> For his rhyme,

and—

> Mount to Paradise
> By the stairway of surprise.

And in regard to occasional passages in Mrs. Shorter's work, one is reminded of what a friend of Emerson's once said of the Poet of Concord's spoken speeches, that the little half-halt and stutter which sometimes preceded his weightiest word, added

DORA SIGERSON (MRS. CLEMENT SHORTER).

to, rather than detracted from, the impressiveness of what he said.

The present writer has for several years been of opinion that Mrs. Shorter's ultimate place among woman-poets will be a high one, and each new book of hers confirms him in that opinion. "Verses," which was issued in 1893, had nothing in common with the volumes of minor poetry with which we are all too familiar. In the matter of "finish," it was perhaps inferior to the work of singers who could not for a moment stand the test of comparison with Mrs. Shorter from the point of view of intellectuality, insight, or poetic inspiration. But mediocrity is after all the one damning offence, and though Mrs. Shorter may have been guilty of imperfections of technique, against which the mediocrity—that prides itself upon turning out verse with never an imperfect rhyme and never an accent misplaced—would have entered its shrill protest, the fact remained that even in "Verses," her earliest volume, she proved herself a poet of fine possibilities, a poet whose ultimate place might be at the top or at the bottom, but who at least was not likely to seek the suffrages of the reading public upon the lines of respectable mediocrity. In 1897 came "The Fairy Changeling," a volume which gave evidence of mental growth, strength, insight, and originality, which took even Mrs. Shorter's sincerest admirers by surprise. The success she achieved with "The Fairy Changeling" she has more than sustained with "Ballads and Poems."

Her best poems have two qualities which are not often found in the work of women-poets,—lyric grace and intellectuality. There are many women-poets whose work exists by virtue only of singing qualities, and a few whose right to a hearing is based upon intellectual claims; but the combination of the two is rare, and where it has occurred the singer in question has sooner or later taken an assured place. George Eliot, for instance, wrote intellectual and dignified verse, but the writing of dignified verse is no passport to Parnassus. Much that George Eliot wrote was poetic, but it was never poetry in the real sense of the word. To save her life she could not have penned a lyric, yet is there no surer test whereby to distinguish the poet "born" from the poet "made" than is to be found in the answer to the question: "Can she sing?" or in other words, "Has she the genuine lyric gift?" To the fact that Mrs. Shorter has the genuine lyric gift, that she can utter in full song what she sees in vision, let the following beautiful lyric, "Ireland," testify:—

IRELAND.

'Twas the dream of a God,
And the mould of His hand,
That you shook 'neath His stroke,
That you trembled and broke
To this beautiful land.

Here He loosed from His hand
A brown tumult of wings,
Till the wind on the sea
Bore the strange melody
Of an island that sings.

He made you all fair,
You in purple and gold,
You in silver and green,
Till no eye that has seen
Without love can behold.

I have left you behind
In the path of the past,
With the white breath of flowers,
With the best of God's hours,
I have left you at last.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

CRISPI.*

No one will grudge the veteran statesman in his retirement a staunch friend and admirer, who stands up boldly to remind an ungrateful country and that country's friends what it owes to Crispi in the past. Indeed, this generation needs to be told of the earlier Crispi. The political struggles and jealousies and failures in recent years did not show him to the best advantage. In the friend of Bismarck it was not easy to recognise the brother-in-arms of Garibaldi and the poor Sicilian lawyer, who gave up all chance of worldly success to imbue the other Italian states with the independent spirit of his native island. New Italy and its onlookers have almost forgotten the early Crispi, and Mr. Stillman's book is timely. He will have it, however, that the man developed in a natural fashion, that his last policy was the expression of his early faith; and there he will not carry one impartial reader along with him. The book is a stalwart defence of Crispi. One or two faults are admitted—that he had a violent nature and that he was very rude; even that he committed errors of judgment in sticking to office once or twice when his principles would have been more clearly declared by resignation. But Mr. Stillman does not estimate the importance of these occasions very highly. On several points the defence must impress readers strongly. The biographer examines the charges of dishonesty and self-interest, and declares them to be not-proven and extremely improbable from the whole career of the man. He tells the story of the Abyssinian disaster in such a way as to nearly exculpate Crispi. Crispi distrusted Baratieri, and discouraged his aggressive tactics; he insists, had it not been for a military cabal, formed by the king, against the statesman, Baldissera would have been appointed over Baratieri long before, and the black page of Adowah would not have been written. We believe Mr. Stillman is right in the main, and that in the bitterness of party strife Crispi has been unjustly treated. But the distrust of Crispi did not exist only in military cabals, in court circles, and in the minds of mischievous agitators. It was a general policy rather than particular acts which roused it. He was too

* "Francesco Crispi, Insurgent, Exile, Revolutionist, and Statesman." By W. J. Stillman. 7s. 6d. (Richards.)

big for Italy, thinks Mr. Stillman, too big for a country which can only tolerate mediocrities and mediocre ideals. That is one way of stating the case; another way is, that no great statesman would, in the given circumstances, have tempted, nay, forced Italy to play at being a great power. Crispi was a born conspirator—a conspirator of the best kind—daring, secretive, watchful, willing to sacrifice all his interests for a cause, quick-eyed, ready to strike. He was bred in revolutionary times and made for them. But he was too clever a politician either to retire or to be allowed to retire when unity had been won. He had vitality, resource, interest, and ambition left. He had no serious rival. But he was always, and more and more every year, the clever politician. He tacked, he veered, he steered, according to the winds of circumstance, and circumstance with his helping drove Italy out of its path. There is a popular delusion that desperate needs bring the saviour. United Italy needed a great statesman to guide her, to solidify her, to heal her wounds, to build up her health. After Cavour none arose; and of all the politicians Crispi was infinitely the ablest. He did what he could, according to his vision, which was distorted by difficulties, and, according to his nature, harassed, embittered, coarsened by hardship, hostility, and the desperate need of himself, his party, and the time. He betrayed the principles of the makers of Italy only as age so often betrays the ideals of its youth.

In his defence of Crispi Mr. Stillman sacrifices all the rest—the present king and his father; Cavour, whom he pursues with relentless animosity; Mazzini, of course; all the other politicians; but chiefly Italy itself. Like his "Unity of Italy," the book on Crispi is the book of a pessimist. Crispi fell, he declares, because the country is too poverty-stricken in strength and in ideas. "Italy is incapable of any foreign policy but that of a protected power. Civic virtue is at too low an ebb for the nation to have any active policy. . . . Crispi's dream was an idle one, and perhaps his greatest sorrow is to see his disillusion." Thus sadly speaks in conclusion an old and devoted lover of Italy. But there are faint signs that sleepers in Italy are stirring with nobler dreams than Crispi's.

THE INDIVIDUALIST.*

When Mr. Mallock writes anything save satires, he is very profitlessly employed. But some of his satires are worse than profitless. They are ignoble. And so, with all its abundant cleverness, is "The Individualist." But it will afford some amusement. He has set up a row of grotesquely painted dummies, and he takes pot shots at them with vigorous enjoyment. In his preface he anxiously explains that his Mrs. Norham is not a skit on the celebrated Mrs. ——. We are quite willing to give Mr. Mallock the credit of Mrs. Norham's invention. She is a rough caricature of a good many people who use very big language, make eloquent attempts at regenerating the world by phrases, and she is credited with hoping to solve the problem of perpetual happiness by introducing Plato to seamstresses and Carmen to the glories of art. Her portrait is rough work; but he puts quite funny speeches into her mouth, which will not fail to rouse a laugh. Mr. Prouse Bousefield is a far finer and abler piece of work. The half-bred enthusiast, with the ill-fitting clothes, the severe morality, and the habit of adoring docility before all women with causes and glib tongues, is almost a masterpiece. He is the one living creature in the book, and the satire on him is successful, mainly, we think, because he is not ill-humoured. The Mrs. Norhams of the world are fair game. No one will quarrel because they are made fun of; but even round them the laughter should be fair, it defeats itself by being ill-tempered. And except in dealing with Mr. Bousefield and the pet ladies and gentlemen in the great world, there is nowhere a trace of good humour in "The Individualist."

Mr. Mallock is not content to make all his dummy reformers silly. He must have them petty or evil minded too. Is he to be forgiven because he is pleading the cause of his heart, the cause of all that is "stately and sedate and stable in society"? (How one wants to add another "s"!) The virtues, the graces, the depths, the genius of humanity are all safely entrenched in the upper circles, he holds. The life of the "classes" "affords the novelist or the poet the best and richest material . . . for representing what is most profound and universal in human nature." May be; but Mr. Mallock rather poorly upholds the theory in this story, where the well-born, well-educated hero, who is described endlessly, is a complete nonentity. The only incident in his career we remember is where this model of breeding bursts into uncontrollable laughter on learing how a minor poet of his acquaintance, reading a batch of reviews, seated in a railway cutting, throws himself under a passing train, in despair at the harshness of the critics. The hero with the fine sense of humour hears of the thing, remember, not as an improbable invention, but as an actual fact. The minor poet, however, was only the son of a washerwoman. Alas, the end of Mr. Mallock's effort is to make reasonable folks think that even the Mrs. Norhams are more tolerable company than the Vere de Veres, and all the other stately and sedate and stable persons, and the wealthy brewers, of his imagination. It is not Mrs. Norham that is called silly, when he travesties thus the aims of the apostles of culture for the masses. "Loving cultured men, and palpitating cultured women, would introduce Schiller to the dustman, and Shakespeare's sonnets to the dog-stealer; whilst the seamstress would be inoculated with those gracious æsthetic appreciations which should make her despise the best lodgings she was ever likely to occupy." There is a great deal that is foolish and morbid in the restless zeal of the reformers; but we would rather run the risk of disease in the social fabric than Mr. Mallock's alternative, which is the certainty of death.

A. M.

* "The Individualist." By W. H. Mallock. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

THE THEOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.*

It would have been difficult for the editors of the International Theological Library to find a theologian better prepared than Dr. Stevens to write a New Testament Theology. In his Pauline and Johannine studies he has given to the world sufficient guarantee of his competence, his sincerity, and his scholarship. But to our thinking this volume is a much abler performance than either of his previous excursions into this region. To be quite candid, we are surprised by the strength and brilliance of this book. The snare of the writer on New Testament theology is dulness. It is so easy to collect and group passages, so difficult to weave them into a living whole. We have already some perfect museums, we were in need of some vitalising touch which should give us the colours, the movement, the relations and processes of life. We knew that anything from the pen of Dr. Stevens would be competent, strong, manly, profitable as a text-book. We knew that we should find him conscientious, able, up to date, and so forth. But in the volume he now gives us there is a mastery of detail, a comprehensiveness of grasp, a felicity and freshness of treatment of hackneyed subjects which command admiration. It is evident that the entire field has been visited by a fresh eye. On every page the reader has cause to reflect, Here is a man thinking through this matter for himself and thinking to purpose. In a word, Dr. Stevens has written a New Testament Theology which is in important respects the best we have. This praise we give not because he uniformly commands our assent. In his interpretation of particular passages he will not expect universal agreement. But even in more important decisions he is sometimes difficult to follow. In discussing our Lord's expressions and actions regarding demoniacs he concludes that His authority cannot be cited either for or against the reality of possession. "That He frequently spoke of them (good and evil spirits) after the manner of His time we have already seen. Is His authority as a teacher committed to the correctness of those ideas? I do not believe that it is. That Jesus believed, and in His teaching implied, that there aregood beings called angels, and evil beings called demons and Satan, I cannot doubt, but His language concerning them is popular and not didactic, and His authority is not committed to the prevailing ideas which obtained in regard to them, although He spoke with respect to this, as with respect to all subjects outside the scope of His special teaching, in the terms current in His age." But the very point that needs to be made good is that demoniacal possession was outside the scope of His special teaching. It would seem to lie very close to the essential contents of His teaching. His miracles wrought on demoniacs take a foremost place in the synoptic gospels, and His acknowledgment that He

* "The Theology of the New Testament." By George Barker Stevens, Ph.D., D.D., Dwight Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale University. International Theological Library. 12s. (T. & T. Clark.)

could not "spoil the house," that is, could not cleanse the soul, unless He first bound the strong man, seems to indicate that "possession" and the existence of personal agents of evil were essential to His teaching regarding salvation. And Dr. Stevens seems to us by no means to magnify his office when he declares that he is not called upon to consider the limits of our Lord's knowledge. But when all is said, it remains that Dr. Stevens has put into our hands a possession which the student will know how to value. MARCUS DODS.

FROM COMTE TO BENJAMIN KIDD.*

The hypothesis of Evolution has proved so fruitful, not only in unifying biological science, but also in directing towards new lines of research and in stimulating those engaged in the pursuit of knowledge, that it is natural to find that there is a growing tendency to apply the same hypothetic key to open up the many enigmas presented in other departments of human thought and action. Biological methods have been employed in recent works on ethics, political science, religion and sociology, and these applications of evolution have a great and growing influence on the popular mind.

Theories of evolution, while they have a certain family likeness, are not one but manifold, and instead of speaking with one voice, not infrequently are mutually contradictory. It is therefore desirable, in the light of the uncritical spirit with which even the intelligent reading public receives the appeal to biological methods, that the multifarious statements of these should be examined, and compared, and their relative positions clearly stated. This task Mr. Mackintosh has accomplished with a great measure of success; his criticisms are set forth fairly and logically, and if in many places his style verges a little on the colloquial it is not the less readable on that account. In general he is terse and to the point, and his analyses are logical and clear. There is a certain amount of repetition involved in the method he has adopted which might perhaps have been avoided with advantage to the reader.

Dr. Mackintosh divides his study into four parts. The first deals with the pre-evolutional attempts to introduce a naturalistic treatment of phenomena in ethics and sociology. The apostle of this new departure (which, however, was not new, but foreshadowed by many previous writers) was Comte, to whose writings this part is largely devoted.

The second part treats of those simple evolutionary conceptions in which struggle takes only a subsidiary part, and in which there is postulated a tendency towards an equilibrium. Spencer and Stephen are reviewed in this section. The third part is devoted to Darwinian evolution, in which struggle for life is the dominant factor in securing survival, but in which the qualities which give superiority in the struggle are mainly the products of use-inheritance. The works passed in review in this division are those of Bagehot, Alexander, Drummond and Sutherland. The last chapter of this section, in which the metaphysics of natural selection are discussed, contains an interesting analytical treatment of the elements of chance, of variation, and of selection.

The final section is a criticism of Mr. Kidd's attempt to employ the Neo-Darwinism of Weismann, with its denial of use-inheritance and its assertion of the immortality and slight mutability of the germ plasma to the problems of sociology and ethics. Dr. Mackintosh's comparison of Weismann's original doctrine to that of Apostolical succession in the High Church system is pertinent and amusing (p. 222). It is a pity for the sake of Mr. Kidd's position that his biological leader should have retreated so far from the scientific ground which he had at first so boldly taken up.

One constant element of confusion met with in almost all these applications of the evolutionary method in the domain of mental and moral science is due to the illegitimate use of biological terminology, as if an analogy perfect in all particulars existed between the subject-matters in these different departments. We have become accustomed to speak of the social organism and of social tissues and have tended to slip into the position of believing that the exegesis of the parable may be carried to its extreme; metaphor has been mistaken for revelation, and systems have been built up on the same lines as those on which our forbears constructed their mythologies. Against all such errors Dr. Mackintosh's work is a wholesome and timely corrective. ALEX. MACALISTER.

* "From Comte to Benjamin Kidd." The Appeal to Biology or Evolution for Human Guidance. By Robert Mackintosh, B.D.(Edin.), M.A., D.D.(Glas.). 8s. 6d. (London, Macmillan, 1899, pp. 280.)

SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS'S BORDER HISTORY.*

All things considered, this is the best of Messrs. Blackwood's valuable series of County Histories. Sir George Douglas writes quite as well as Sir Herbert Maxwell, who is most delightful when he is most provoking, and then he is infinitely more painstaking and accurate. He has as complete and easy a command of his facts as has Sheriff Mackay in his "Fife and Kinross," and then he never sinks the historian in the antiquary as the Sheriff sometimes does. In the book there is no suggestion of the provincial stodginess—as of a village grocer's guide-book—which somewhat mars Dr. Cameron Lee's volume on Inverness. Nor does he allow himself to be carried away by his subject like Sheriff Rampini in his otherwise most interesting "Moray and Nairn." The only fault to be found with Sir George and his book is that owing to a too serious conception of his duty, he does not "let himself go" sufficiently, that he does not as it were portray himself as Tannhaüser in the Venusberg of the enchanted Borderland. One can easily understand his motives. The romance of the Border has been brought once for all to earth from cloudland and mountain-top by Sir Walter Scott. Why should he seek to better Scott? So he has set himself, as he says, to "bring the history of the Border counties into line with the results of recent historical and antiquarian research, presenting to the reader as far as may be only well authenticated facts, and thus not scrupling, when necessary, to explode even cherished error." Yet one cannot help occasionally sighing and wishing that Sir George Douglas had even allowed himself somewhat of the enthusiasm which the late Professor Veitch—that hearty literary Dandie Dinmont whose fate it was to teach Scottish philosophy instead of Scottish Wordsworthianism from a Professor's chair—exhibited in his "History and Poetry of the Scottish Border." No doubt, however, Sir George compensates for apparent lack of breezy cordiality by frequent and great felicities of expression, as when in his first page he describes Tacitus' "Life of Agricola," as the "false dawn of Border history," in which "the light of literature falls for the first time upon our Border-land. But it falls there only to be withdrawn again, plunging the country which for the twinkling of an eye it had illuminated back into darkness for a thousand years."

That this history of Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Peebles is a model work of its kind—that it means in the first place a painstaking selection from the enormous mass of history, legend, and poetry which constitutes the literature of the Border, and in the second place a skilful treatment of that selection—is beyond all doubt. The history of the Border is an integral portion of the "storm and stress" period of Scottish history as a whole, and Sir George deals with it as impartially as Dr. Hume Brown would have done himself. That he is patriotic in the best, commonsense—and so to say Rosebery—spirit, is clearly shown by his treatment (p. 149) of the "brigand" theory of Wallace. (By the way, has not Dr. Hay Fleming, by his favourite pin-prick of dates, effectually punctured the latest exposition of that "theory" by Sir Herbert Maxwell, endorsed as to some extent it is in Mr. T. F. Henderson's interesting and valuable "History of Scottish Vernacular Literature"?)

Then Sir George Douglas shows the same careful—one should almost say dignified—judgment in dealing with all portions of Border history from the mythical or Merlin-Arthur-Catrail period to the last Jacobite rally, when the Earl of Traquair refused to come "out" even at the special request of the young chevalier, but made some atonement by assuring his guest that the gates of his castle should never be opened until the Jacobite claimant should re-enter them as sovereign. "To this day these gates remain closed. Till Arthur wake, till Charles come to his own—it is a synonym of hopeless waiting: and the suggestion of pathos in the locked gates and grass-grown avenue, is appropriate to the futility of the last rally of the Stewarts to the devotion which it inspired and the sorrow which it brought to so many." WILLIAM WALLACE.

* "A History of the Border Counties" (Roxburgh, Selkirk, Peebles). By Sir George Douglas, Bart. 7s. 6d. (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1899.)

WORDSWORTH AND THE COLERIDGES.*

Americans ever shame us with their enthusiasm for our great men, and reverence for their shrines. Here is an American pilgrim, who, in the score or so of times he has crossed the Atlantic, has had mainly in view homage to some poet or prophet, and the intellectual intercourse with the best minds in England. Mr. Yarnall's recollections reach far back. He can remember the coming of Lafayette to America in 1824; he saw the hero's triumphal progress through Philadelphia. The nephew of Lucretia Mott, he was early brought into contact, at her house, with the Anti-Slavery leaders, and with the eminent men and women who were in intellectual sympathy with them, Lloyd Garrison, Whittier, Dr. Channing, Emerson, Harriet Martineau, and Frederika Bremer. Though every ancestor of his for two hundred years was born in America, he has been from early days animated by the deepest love for English literature, and the red-letter day of his life was that on which he saw and spoke with Wordsworth. It was in 1849, the year before the poet's death. The story of that day is told with great vividness. "A tall figure, a little bent with age, his hair thin and grey, and his face deeply wrinkled. The expression of his countenance was sad, mournful I might say; he seemed one on whom sorrow pressed heavily. He gave me his hand and welcomed me cordially, though without smiling." Such was the old man two years after the death of his beloved daughter. Perhaps the most striking utterance on the occasion was the poet's expression of his still surviving love for France. "I should like to spend another month in France before I close my eyes." But some of the modern Frenchmen he thought little of. Lamartine was "a poor writer of verses, not having the slightest claim to be considered a statesman." The two men exchanged ecclesiastical opinions, and it is interesting to know that Wordsworth thought there ought to be five times as many Bishops as the State had appointed. An impressive picture is given by Mr. Yarnall of the poet reading aloud out of a book of selections from his own poems, which his American visitor had shown him, and not omitting the biographical comments and the eulogies of the editor. He read them simply, naturally, and solemnly. "It seemed almost as if he was moved by the greatness of his own power, the gifts with which he had been endowed." The pilgrim returned to the shrine many times after, but the divinity had gone.

Recollections of the Coleridges, especially of Sara and Derwent, Sir John Taylor and Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, pleasantly fill up a good part of the remainder of the book. But the miscellanous pages contain notes and records of many eminent persons of the last two generations. The writer breakfasted with Rogers; he met Macaulay; and with Keble, Kingsley, and Forster he had intimate intercourse. Scraps from these old conversations are still of interest. Of Maurice, Kingsley said, "I live to interpret him to the people of England." To his American visitor Kingsley spoke of the newly published poems of Walt Whitman as the "production of a coarse, sensual mind," and the American "had no defence to make." Perhaps the most interesting picture in the whole book is Macaulay giving his views on art. "He did not consider the faculty for it a high gift of mind. . . . Music, Macaulay also maintained, was an art which it required no high mental power to master"! They all had an eagerly attentive listener. But one of Mr. Yarnall's comments on the intercourse with the superior persons he met, sounds like a curious satire on his own compatriots: "In England a quick sense of humour is very often to be found in highly educated men."

JOWETT'S LETTERS.†

Literary executors are much to be felt for. It must always be a question admitting of various answers, how much of the material at their disposal they ought to publish. Drs. Abbott and Campbell cannot have believed that these letters would add to the charm of the figure they have depicted with such remarkable success in their biography. And yet they may very naturally have judged it their duty to make public whatever of his was in their hands. The result is not quite happy. As a mere supplementary volume this may pass, but there is little in it of interest or permanent worth, except the report of Jowett's examination by the Committee of the Lords on the Abolition of University Tests. The letters are classified according to subjects, and a large section is devoted to "European Politics." But what budding statesman is likely to come for instruction to the feet of one who judged Louis Napoleon "to be the great political head in Europe, the only man who could have freed Italy, who can place Germany, Hungary, etc., on a better footing, who can prevent war between France and England, who can reform the Catholic Church"? This was written in 1861. One turns hopefully to the section of "Miscellaneous" Letters, but only to find that this has been creamed for the biography and but the skim-milk left. No doubt there still remain one or two bright sayings, wise observations, sagacious counsels, but the volume as a whole can only be welcomed as supplemental to the biography. The editors note that the quotation from Sophocles on p. 169 is inexact; but as they print it, Jowett can never have written it. It is intentionally inexact, but with a superadded unintentional error of the press.

MARCUS DODS.

* "Wordsworth and the Coleridges." With other Memoirs, Literary and Political. By Ellis Yarnall. (The Macmillan Company.)

† "Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford." Arranged and edited by Evelyn Abbott, M.A., LL.D., and Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D. With Portrait. (John Murray.)

NOVEL NOTES.

GOD SAVE ENGLAND. By Frederic Breton. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Frederic Breton is one of the few genuine students of history among a host of writers of historical romance. His tales of the past are more than chronicles of adventure; they mirror the time, the place, the people. Mr. Breton creates an atmosphere for his characters, characters which live in his pages as they lived in bygone days, not painted puppets, of obvious nineteenth century manufacture, aping antiquity. We know of no book which presents a more faithful and striking picture of mediæval existence than Mr. Breton's earlier novel, "True Heart." In that case, however, the story was too heavily weighted with historical detail to be quite successful. "God Save England" is admirable in every way—as an historical document and as a novel of stirring deeds. Once more Mr. Breton has made the dry bones of history to live. The scene is laid in Rye in the terrible days of the fourteenth century when France, gaining courage from the internal confusion of the British realm, harried our ports and sacked our coast towns, of the days when the "king's fleet of the western sea" turned on the enemy and exacted tremendous vengeance. "God Save England" is a romance of great men and events. The heroes are of giant frame, moulders of destinies; great in bravery, in infamy, in cowardice. Their history is told with fine swing and dash, and you are carried along by the rolling tide of stirring events. Mr. Breton's figures stand out clear in the memory, clearest of all Maline—"*Maline ma mie, ma mie maligne*"—the girl, so inexplicable, so fascinating, who makes his story and almost unmakes his hero.

MR. FREDERIC BRETON.
From Photo by Wills, Chatham.

THE WHITE WOMAN. By W. E. Tirebuck. 6s. (Harpers.)

What has come over Mr. Tirebuck? Where are the reasonableness and the humour of "Dorrie"? "The White Woman" is ten times more amusing; but his past work has inspired a respect that makes us remorseful at deriving merely frivolous entertainment from a book written in a mood of hysterical solemnity. The matter and the manner of the story are such, however, as to overcome our sense of remorse. "The White Woman" is a wild jumble of art and missions, of ghastly improbable adventures, and gush over the native Africans. The heroine, Druida, is a prima donna, but of a rare kind. Mere art is unsatisfying to her soul. She gave "her song more for the pity and love of mankind than for pay or applause. She was even then secretly consecrating herself with a spiritual passion

for devotion, to some great public cause more heroic than singing, some cause grand and final, but vague as yet in the idealism of the soul." When she is wrecked on a tropical coast, and reduces the natives to a frenzied awe by singing to them "From Greenland's icy mountains," she has an inkling of her destiny.

MR. W. E. TIREBUCK.
From Photo by Evans, Rhyl.

Mr. Tirebuck does not let her reach it by an easy road, but at last, after a temporary marriage with a dying missionary, she consents to marry the native king, because she is convinced that all Africa is looking to her for salvation. The blacks are roused at the news that the white woman is to put on the Royal Robe. To Druida the stir "was the pressure of mankind converging upon her. The one sound of many sounds rose to her as if the earth itself had voice, as if Africa were numerous in appeal and prayer. Druida, translating that numerous sound into one definite voice, sang. It was a song of the soul, full, joyous and free." Between her London concert-room successes and her megalomaniac assumption of sovereignty over the blacks there is no want of incident. Mr. Tirebuck having fallen on a purely artificial and highly absurd theme, has tried to stun his readers' intelligence with heaped up sensation and to overpower them with phrases large and sublime. There is not a touch of nature anywhere. Simplicity in style would, of course, be out of place. This kind of thing serves the purpose much better: "With unutterable dark meanings from her English womanhood to his English manhood, she exclaimed, etc." "The White Woman" may amuse the frivolous, it may disgust, it will certainly amaze the readers of "Dorrie." In mercy they should promise to forget it when Mr. Tirebuck climbs up again to his old level.

AT A WINTER'S FIRE. By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Pearson.)

In the safe sheltered comfort of a winter's fire, as the title suggests, these stories of horror will rouse tolerable shudders; but elsewhere they had best be avoided. They are worse than ghost stories, for they haunt the mind even more than they work on the nerves. Even the cheerful nightmares among them, like "Dinah's Mammoth," and such flippant ones as "William Tyrwhitt's 'Copy,'" have this effect. Science—probably quite bad science—has inspired a few; not one has been suggested by a commonplace circumstance. On the whole they are difficult reading—which is some defence against their powers of haunting—the produce of a restlessly inventive brain, which frets itself overmuch in its task of entertaining a stupider public than it has any notion of. The tales are clever and original; but we don't advise Mr. Capes to continue on this task, where Mr. Wells easily surpasses him. In his longer stories, where he has more space, and deals with character even more than with adventure, in "The Lake of Wine," and "The Comte de la Muette," he is seen at his best.

A MARITAL LIABILITY, Etc. By Elizabeth Phipps Train. 6s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

The occasional meetings of crime and sentiment have great attraction for Mrs. Train. She always contrives to appeal to the noblest emotions with miscellaneous felonies as her material and circumstance. In her new story, however, it is not the poor criminal we are asked to understand and sympathise with, but a beautiful-souled husband, who takes on himself the guilt of his wicked wife. This is more conventional than the motive of "A Social Highwayman"; but readers may find in the second story the sensation lacking in the first. In "Madam of 'The Ivies,'" the mysterious house, the beautiful unknown face at the window, the secret weighing down the gracious old lady and her domestics, are sure to rouse and keep the attention of all young romantic souls.

RICHARD CARVEL. By Winston Churchill. 6s. (The Macmillan Company.)

There is good ground for honest congratulation of the young author of "Richard Carvel." It is an historical romance on a difficult model, which yet never shames its model either in matter or in style. There is a much greater gravity and dignity in it than in most stories of its kind written to-day, but this is not attained at the cost of liveliness. We have read it with growing interest for the narrative's sake, and pleasure for the promise it displays. "Esmond" has determined its manner and design; and that this fact has not taken the life out of the story is much to Mr. Churchill's credit. Richard Carvel is a young American who goes through the great revolutionary struggle. Of a loyalist family, he cherishes Republican principles himself, and his pictures of the times are therefore varied and impartial. His adventures include many in England, and an intimate acquaintance with men so diverse as Charles James Fox and Paul Jones. The historical portraits are capital. A great deal of work has been spent on them, and not of an elementary kind either. Romantic readers may think he has emphasised the snobbishness and the vanity of "le capitaine Paul," but his estimate of that great sailor's lower qualities is no harsher than they will find in Laughton, while his genius and his service to the American navy never lack appreciation. The glimpses of Fox reflect no little of the charm of that fascinating personage. For the rest, "Richard Carvel" is a spirited tale of wandering and adventure, with a wholesome love-story to keep it fresh and sweet and provide for it a happy end.

ORIENTATIONS. By W. Somerset Maugham. 6s. (Unwin.)

The East End of London is well known to Mr. Maugham. He knows it so well that he has discovered its gaiety. To its real spirit he is less of a stranger than is Mr. Morrison, and "'Liza of Lambeth" is a more reliable, if superficially a less impressive and less artistic rendering of poor London life than "Tales of Mean Streets." But Mr. Maugham is looking about for other fields to cultivate, and wandering far, he has lost himself. He is trying experimentally in different styles and with different material, "qui sont comme des orientations, pour trouver son moi littéraire." This, surely, is too big a way of explaining or apologising for his new book of miscellaneous short stories, an average book, fairly readable, but with no serious interest or promise about it. The "Orientations" are, on the whole, a mistake, though not an obtrusive one, while of 'Liza and her kind he spoke with the knowledge of a specialist.

TWO IN CAPTIVITY. By Vincent Brown. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

It is not mainly a question of literary style, or capacity, or material that distinguishes Mr. Vincent Brown from his fellow story tellers. It is the revelation of the inner spirit of the writer, his profound pity for humanity. His own soul seems to rest on a definite faith and rule, perhaps even an ascetic one; but all his heart goes out to wandering sinners. He is that very rare thing a healthy man who is connoisseur in the ills of mankind. Successes or not, as stories all his books have a keen and delicate interest; and next to "My Brother" "Two in Captivity" is the most remarkable. It is the history of two degenerates, two law-breakers, who wander about the world without a compass, seeking a higher life wearily, and scorning the normal life for which they are not fit. He faces all the possible degradations of their situation—the brandy-drinking, the loss of self-respecting habits, the hysterical substitutes for joy, the petty hypocrisies before the world, the abject, melancholy fatigue. Yet he never shames the two; he never cynically denies that they have ideals. Though unexpressed, in the background you feel his conviction that their need is confessing simple obedience to common laws. Yet he does not deny in their tawdriness the reflection of some trailing clouds of glory; and for their misery he has infinite pity. Besides, the last degradation he does not put on them. The two love each other to the unhappy end. You will search far before you find so subtle, so human-hearted a vindication of law. As for the manner of the book, Mr. Brown uses modern circumstances, not realistically, but as if seen through an uneasy dream. If Maeterlinck were to write a novel it would bear strong resemblance, one thinks, to "Two in Captivity."

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES. By E. W. Hornung. 6s. (Methuen.)

Messrs. Methuen's new series of sixpenny novels, "The Novelist," begins in a most promising fashion with Mr. Hornung's "Dead Men Tell no Tales." The story is in the popular author's best manner, and the externals of the book have been carefully attended to. The cover is attractive, the type good, and the rather unpleasant surface of the

paper is the only defect that marks it off from the average six-shilling novel. The series, which will be continued monthly, will have Mr. Robert Barr and Mr. Pett Ridge among its immediate contributors.

ADRIAN ROME. By Ernest Dowson and Arthur Moore. 6s. (Methuen.)

The magic circle where strawberry leaves of the heraldic variety do grow, is not an enlivening region, if this picture be a true one. There is something oppressive in the expensiveness of everything and the stately courtesy of everybody. But Adrian Rome is to the manner born, and stalks through the functions and formalities of the London season as spent by his special set like a thoroughly equipped automaton. He and his young men friends are best among themselves. What they have to say is worth hearing, and they say it in a human and delightful way. But the authors will not for an instant permit us to forget their wealth. There is somebody—a lively young man with an interest in drama—who is *not* rich, and that fact, notwithstanding much excellent character drawing, remains the most memorable thing about him. The story itself is the record of a mistaken marriage, and a painful sequel. Nobody in the book is happy; only one, a certain Marjorie Lancaster, is heartless enough not to care. Yet it is distinctly a clever book. Its style is correct, and has a cold sparkle; it is cultivated, self-possessed, polished and precise. These are not the commonest qualities and we appreciate them the more on that account. With these, and the deeper insight into life and humanity that years will bring, the authors ought to do some admirable work.

MEG. By Maud Crawford. 6s. (Macqueen.)

This is as bright and innocent a story as any mother could wish for her girls' reading. It is full of the harmless fun and lively chatter that goes on in a happy, healthy family, where precocity is unknown. The simplicity is perhaps a little exaggerated, but the fault is none too common, and is easily forgiven. The story has to do with the affairs of a clergyman's family, who, after the death of the husband and father, are invited to stay with a rich bachelor relative. The relative has a remarkably disagreeable sister, whose frantic efforts to secure a husband are entertaining in their way, but the fun and banter of the Maitland family and their lively young friends, the Phillips, provide the best and brightest part of the story.

THE MIRACLES OF ANTICHRIST. By Selma Lagerlöf. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)

There is an old Sicilian legend which says, "When Antichrist comes, he shall seem as Christ. There shall be great want, and Antichrist shall go from land to land and give bread to the poor. And he shall find many followers."

This is the core of Miss Selma Lagerlöf's book. It tells how the image of the Christ child was stolen and a false image made in imitation of it, and how this false image, which bore within the rim of its tinsel crown the words "My Kingdom is only of this world," was set up in the church of San Pasquale in the city of Diamante, which lay beneath the shadow of Etna. And whoever prayed to this image obtained wealth and happiness. Famine was averted, injustice was righted, innocent prisoners were released and true lovers reunited, all through the miraculous and beneficent power of the false Christ, whom none of the grateful people—least of all Donna Micaela, whose patriotic work had been so greatly blessed—ever believed to be other than the true Saviour. Under the influence of the image people learned to love and help and forgive one another, to feed the hungry and comfort the sorrowing But at last a poor woman came who wanted only forgiveness, and to her the Christ child had nothing to say. He was Antichrist. His kingdom was only of this world.

"You have forgotten heaven," said Father Gondo to the people of Diamante. "You have forgotten that you possess a soul. You think only of this world."

Then he appealed to the Pope:

"I see starting a movement of the people, which burns with love for its neighbour and hates God," he said; "I see people becoming martyrs for the new hope of a happy earth. . . . I knew that he whom Signorelli had foretold had come.

"Who else can he be but the Antichristianity, Socialism?"

Father Gondo would have burned the false image, but the Pope reproved him.

"Why did you not carry him back to the little Christ child on the Capitolium from whom he proceeded?

"That is what you wandering monks could do. You could take the great popular movement in your arms, while it is still lying like a child in its swaddling clothes, and you could bear it to Jesus' feet; and Antichrist would see that he is nothing but an imitation of Christ, and would acknowledge him his Lord and Master.

"No one can save mankind from their sorrows, but much is forgiven to him who brings new courage to bear them."

This shows the moral attitude and purpose of the book. It is well to understand it beforehand, for the writer's elusive style explains little in going along. The childish iterations and staccato sentences are apt to become wearisome and unintelligible. Miss Selma Lagerlöf is a gifted and a unique writer, but she is too individual to command universal admiration. Many who are attracted by her thought will be repelled by her manner. On the whole, last year's book, "Gösta Berlinger's Saga," had a more characteristic flavour. The wild junketings and dark superstitions and fierce emotions of old Scandinavia inspired her with more vigour than the languorous airs of Sicily. Yet there is no piece of descriptive writing in last year's book more exquisite than "The Home-Coming" in this.

THE *SATELLITE'S* STOWAWAY. By Harry Lander. 3s. 6d. (Chapman.)

To those who care only to read expurgated chronicles of the conversation of the British sailor we cannot recommend this book, but to those who like him and his conversation as they are we can recommend it strongly. The story is short and slight, but it is fresh and racy. The stowaway herself is a charming girl, and that all on board, or almost all, should fall in love with her, was only to be expected; but charming as she is, she does not take the first place in one's affections. In the crew, as graceless a set of rascals as ever crossed the sea, yet utterly unlike the typical sailor of the adventure story, lies the chief attraction of the book. To say that one is often irresistibly reminded of Kipling's stories is not to speak in a carping spirit, and to say that Long Jim and Dickie Devenish recall to one's mind that other delightful pair, Mulvaney and Ortheris, is simply meant as praise of Mr. Lander's work. James Stewart Aldous, *alias* Long Jim, with his reminiscences of his experiences as an actor, is a character well worth becoming acquainted with; so is poor Tom Toyne, doctor and bo'sun. It is difficult to make selections, but Chapter V., where Long Jim and Toyne provide an outfit for the stowaway, is really funny, and on pp. 21-22 the author shows his other and more serious side, and if one cannot agree with such sentiments as, "The flag that blows for ever above every ocean and sea is hoisted by England's bad bargains, the men who will go as they please," one must admit that here is a bit of good writing. For a few pages some of the conversation seems irrelevant and jerky, and for a moment one fears the author is making his characters pegs on which to hang speeches quaint or humorous, but the fear soon vanishes, and by the time Chapter II. is reached one becomes as attached to the good-hearted scamps as is the author himself.

A DASH FOR A THRONE. By A. W. Marchmont. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

In his new book Mr. Marchmont has given us a thrilling story of adventure, in which he displays a perfect wealth of plots and intrigues, mysteries, hair-breadth escapes and critical situations. The story suffers somewhat by the excellence of many which have gone before it, in which the main features are the same. Here is the heiress to a throne, the centre of intrigues and villainy, plots and counterplots; here also is the chivalrous stranger come to her rescue, posing as her cousin, and carrying things through with a high hand. But the story is too good to have remained untold because of this similarity. The author has written with spirit, and drawn his characters with firm and clever strokes; and numerous as are the villains in the story, each one possesses his own individual type of villainy.

MR. A. W. MARCHMONT.
From Photo by Bassano.

One becomes somewhat irritated at times with the hero for being so easily led off on a false scent, but this weakness of his leads to so many strong situations and exciting scenes that it is easy to forgive him. The book is well written and thoroughly interesting. What does Mr. Marchmont mean by "old rustled reflections," p. 30?

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH. By Frank Mathew. With Three Portraits after Holbein. 6s. (John Lane.)

"This book," says Mr. Mathew, "deals with the history of Henry the Eighth as seen by Henry Percy, sixth Earl of Northumberland, who was Wolsey's pupil, Anne Bullen's lover, and the king's friend." The writer has consulted many authorities, but his main guide, in investigating or contradicting them, has been the spirit of romance. For instance, the incidents which will make the widest appeal, Northumberland's escape during the Pilgrimage of Grace, his rescue by a shepherd, and his journey to London to plead for his wife with the king—are pure inventions. Capriciously he introduces some judgments of his own for which romance is not responsible. The unfavourable one of Cromwell, for example. None of Mr. Mathew's book should be judged hastily. He is not a writer of popular historical romance His work is fine and subtle. The risk his method runs is not blatancy, but occasional ineffectiveness. Yet "Defender of the Faith," though we do not put it on the level of "The Wood of the Brambles," is certainly not ineffective. Only you must focus it rightly, and not demand what it has no pretension of giving. The odour of romance is all about it, but a full-blooded obvious romance, with a regular orthodox plot, it is not. Students of history may declare that the great burly figure of Henry is not visible. And true, Henry is seen only in glimpses, and very variously; but these glimpses suggest, as well as any regular portrait could do, the causes that made the king find favour in women's eyes, that gave him the frequent devotion of men, that made him the most thankless of masters. Norfolk is a shade, they will say. So he is; but, remember, Mr. Mathew's method is pictorial, and he skilfully throws up only a few figures in the centre—Henry, Cromwell, Anne Bullen, and, we think, with less success, Percy. You cannot get at his judgment of Anne; but assuredly she is here a creature of great fascination, of many wayward graces, bewildering you with her power of acting, her possibilities of crime, her undoubted charm, and her fine momentary pluck. The work spent on these central figures is all delicate and interesting. It is a complicated nineteenth century mind that has read theirs, and perhaps over-subtilised them. But surely schoolboys are not to monopolise all the care of the writers of historical romance.

MR. FRANK MATHEW.
From Photo by Stiles, Kensington.

GERALD FITZGERALD. By Charles Lever. 6s. (Downey.)

This is no new edition, but a novel of Lever's that has never till now seen the light save as a serial in the *Dublin University Magazine*. The publishers hope they are doing no harm to the Irish novelist's memory in now issuing it. And they may rest assured on that point. Stories omitted from an edition revised and superintended by the author are suspect as a rule; but, indeed, Lever included several that would not bear comparison with "Gerald Fitzgerald." Did he think he would be attacked for the very slender thread of humour on which the tale was based? It is, indeed, very slender; but it is a poor kind of novel reader who must believe a story to enjoy it. This one concerns the fortunes of an Irish lad, brought up in Rome, and reputed to be the legitimate son of the young Pretender and one of the Fitzgeralds. Life in a Roman seminary, in the Italian highlands, at the Court of France, intercourse with Alfieri and Mirabeau, partial acknowledgment by the remaining adherents of the Stuarts, and preparation for another campaign, make lively and interesting material for the tale. A quarrel between the hero and the ruffian Kelly, who had been the evil genius of Charles Edward, results in the young man being shot. So ended the Stuart hopes, according to Lever's version, which is, at least, an attractive one, full of excellent matter not very carefully welded—a story effective in separate chapters rather than as a whole.

A GENTLEMAN FROM THE RANKS. By H. B. Finlay Knight. 6s. (A. and C. Black.)

The romantic reader may be disappointed at the fortune meted out to Mr. Knight's hero in a "A Gentleman from the Ranks." The good fellow who has risen most creditably is a V.C., and honest, capable, and strong-natured. He falls in love with the first woman of good birth whose friendship is offered him. The lady has no convenient levelling theories, but she succumbs to his force of character. But, alas, she finds her daughter is her rival, and rather than outrage the sacred selfishness of youth she gives him up. Quite in vain, too, for the girl dies of the indirect effects of an unrequited affection. Georgie is a brightly conceived young person, a vivid illustration of the truth that athletic tastes, masculine habits, and an insolent scorn of sentiment are no protection against love in its most aggressive, even its hysterical form. Save for the very romantic reader "A Gentleman from the Ranks" will disappoint no one capable of being entertained by an unpretentious novel. It is sensible, wholesome in its tone, and goes through its course in a business-like fashion.

MORGAN HAILSHAM. By F. C. Constable. 6s. (Richards.)

Mr. Constable deserves congratulation for getting out of the slough of mere eccentricity into which he plunged in "The Curse of Intellect" and "Aunt Judith's Island." Those ponderous satires, or whatever they were, boded ill for his future work; but in "Morgan Hailsham" he has worked into a clearer air. There are too many irrelevancies still, and these are all dull and worthless. The opening chapter, for instance, is one, and it is enough to drive any one, save a patient reviewer, away from the book in disgust. But the plot is good, and some of the characters, the entertaining villain Hailsham among them, are well conceived. The story is of the detective class, with modifications which link it to the more ambitious novel of character.

'POSTLE FARM. By George Ford. 6s. (Blackwood.)

As the novel of a new writer, "'Postle Farm" would be called rather promising. There is sympathy in it and high sentiment, and there are numerous well-written passages. But readers of "The Larramys" must be disappointed. It is far less robust and far more conventional than "George Ford's" earlier novel. She has chosen a subject so difficult and so unsuited to all but a very rare master of fiction, that practically it should be considered outside the range of fiction altogether—the development of a poet's soul. Quite apart from the fact that she has complicated her attempt by insisting also on the social evolution of the poetic heroine from a peasant girl to a woman of position, the attempt is a mistake. Only a poet could deal adequately with the theme, and he would neither adopt a novelist's nor a sentimentalist's means. Besides, in the conception and the history of her heroine "George Ford" wants courage. She gives her a brain illness, and deprives her of memory, to partially account for her poetical peculiarities. And she invents an aristocratic parentage to account for the refinement of this beautiful peasant. She obeys tradition, but not probability, and spoils interest. We expect something better from her than high aims and feeble design.

AN OLD ROGUE'S TRAGEDY. By Rita. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

"Rita" has a host of admirers, and "An Old Rogue's Tragedy" should win her many more. In all her books, and they are many, she has never done anything so good or so original as Mrs. Patricson. The gaunt, pathetic figure of the stately "old rogue," her little meannesses, her pretensions, will remain in our minds for many a day, and will take a place amongst the characters who will live. Molly, too, is one of the most charming of the many charming girls "Rita" has introduced us to. Beyond these two the other characters do not stand out as out of the way uncommon, excepting perhaps Mr. Thomas Atwood, the sub-editor of a society journal, who, somehow, conveys the impression that he is drawn from life, and is really wonderfully good. The construction of this story is its weakest point, and it really is very weak; other blemishes are the chapters devoted to the luncheon at the Boyles' house in Dublin—these have absolutely no real bearing on the story, they check the narrative, and are strongly suggestive of padding. The story would have been improved, too, by the

elimination of several—we will not say pieces of padding—but platitudes, which are blots on the otherwise bright dialogue. In "Rita's" novels we look for a certain charm, and here we get it, a charm which might make any but a reviewer blind to defects.

TRANSGRESSION. By S. S. Thorburn. 6s. (Pearson, Ltd.)

Here we have another Asiatic tale by Mr. Thorburn; one which will prove especially interesting to Anglo-Indians, touching as it does upon many points which they, most fully, can appreciate. A fairly strong love interest (not native) runs through the book—a love interest which is not altogether pleasing; the cause of this fact lying more in the conception than in the treatment of the idea. After all, we prefer Mr. Thorburn among his sepoys and his Sikhs. A ruthless cutting-out of ineffective remarks and sentiments, we are convinced, should have been determined upon before the MS. left the author's hands. For instance, such remarks as that of the Rev. Josiah Gubbins (a cruel name, even for him), whispered in all seriousness to his "divinity," anent his rival, who was present, "I had better go. I might lose my temper, you know, and hurt him if I remained," and such outbursts as that on p. 283, where George Fitzhugh's despair is made merely melodramatic. These weaken, decidedly, a book which is far from being without merit, and which at times reminds us pleasantly of the stirring pages of Kaye and Malleson; not, we hasten to say, because we find them imitative, but because Mr. Thorburn also knows the natives and can describe treachery and good fights.

RUPERT. BY THE GRACE OF GOD—By Dora Greenwell McChesney. 6s. (Macmillan and Co.)

This is the story of a plot, hatched and carried forward, for the placing of Prince Rupert on the throne of England in the place of Charles I. The Rebellion times, however, have been dealt with in fiction somewhat too frequently of late years to rouse excitement or interest unless very strikingly presented to the reader. The volume now before us, we regret to say, does not satisfy the demand; what interest it possesses is dulled, and the tale itself hampered, by the author's slavish allegiance to a form of writing which she has set herself to follow, one which, unfortunately, merely burdens and obscures the narrative. We do not ask for modern slang or nineteenth century phrasing, of course, but there is a medium, a medium which has been happily found by many a writer of these seventeenth century doings. Miss McChesney gives us a little relief here and there, we are glad to say—in plain words, she is not so stilted on every page; but the book smacks more of the nature of Arthurian legend than of outspoken Royalist and Roundhead days; and is so knotted up in medieval expression that with a sigh we are forced to agree with Will Fortescue, the hero, when he says, "Yet was my own life so enmeshed therewith, as that the threads are hard to sever." They are very hard to sever—even harder to disentangle.

THE DESIRE OF THEIR HEARTS. By Margaret Parker. 3s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

The desire of Marjorie's heart was to be rich. She got what she wanted, through the death of a distant relative, and the sudden possession of £15,000 a year turned her head a little. Once more, however, as has happened in so many stories, the lost will was found, and Marjorie had to resign her wealth, and with it her unworthy, fortune-hunting *fiancé*, who gave her up when the evil days came. We leave her studying art in Rome, and gradually reconciling herself to the attentions of her kind-hearted, though elderly, suitor, Lord Raemuir. It is a simple story, but very pleasantly told. There could not be a better book to put into the hands of an unspoiled and not over-precocious schoolgirl.

THE TREASURY OFFICER'S WOOING. By Cecil Lowis. 6s. (Macmillan.)

It is a genuine pleasure to come across a book so straightforward and unaffected in style, and so full of commonsense and honest human nature as this story of Mr. Lowis's. As a picture of Anglo-Indian life, it is clear, intelligible, and convincing. The characters and situations are natural. There is no straining after effect, and no stage performance of impossible natives. The plot is quite simple, revealing no marvellous cleverness of conception or development. But it is all the pleasanter in some ways, and carries us on in thorough enjoyment of the story from beginning to end. Miss Smart is an excellent type of a healthy, good-natured English girl, as the young Treasury Officer is of the honest and athletic English youth. Heriot is a well-realised study of a selfish, clever man, with a strange power of attracting the interest of women until they find him out. The book is a thoroughly wholesome and admirable one, and ought to become a general favourite.

LOUP GAROU! By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Sands.)

Mr. Phillpotts is never better than when he is studying primitive humanity. He has a genius for niggers and a genius for skippers. Therefore our enjoyment of this book began at the second story. In fact, we found ourselves wondering whether "Loup Garou!" had been placed first for the sake of the title. No other would have looked so well on the cover. The story itself has not attracted us much. It deals with the civilised vices, of covetousness, fraud and trickery. We do not dwell on it with pleasure. But as soon as we turn another page and find John Diggle lying full length upon the wharf regretting that his lack of education compels him to substitute gifts of land-crabs for love-letters, Mr. Phillpotts has us in his power. John is an attractive figure and has us on his side from the first. We rejoice sincerely when the "udder nigger" is routed and John and Jane sit down happily by the wayside and eat a cocoanut together. But good as the nigger stories are, our own preference is for the salt-water yarns. The story of "The Skipper's Bible" "shows," as the carpenter observed, "how a man may have a Bible and yet never carry on so as to let other folks guess it." The theological conversation of the ship's company has a salt-sea flavour which is, to say the least, unconventional. "Pete and Pete," the only other sea story, is both rougher and more pathetic than "The Skipper's Bible." The two together strike the most "human" note in the book. But all are well written, even "The Enigma of the Doubloons," though it is concerned with that most irritating of devices, a cryptogram of the *lmzwzb* type. But after all, we are told, there are people who like cryptograms.

LA STREGA, Etc. By Ouida. 3s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

There are six tales in this volume—six "True Tales of Lowly Lives," as the authoress calls them. Direct and striking phraseology, rapid, bold outlines of character and incident, frank acceptance of any phase of life, noble or ignoble, that presents itself, are characteristic of them all. The subjects themselves, however, vary widely. The first, "La Strega," is a study of the madness of jealousy and revenge; the second, "An Anarchist," a tale of helpless and hopeless despair. But in "Ruffo and Ruff," the story of the little Italian boy who played the pipes at the Punch and Judy show and his long-suffering dog Toby, a gentler note is struck, and there is a genuine and moving pathos. "El Brug" tells of a little girl's loyal and heroic love for her father. The first two are powerful; the second two are pleasing. The fifth and sixth are neither; their view of human nature is warped; they are ugly and unconvincing. To get the best of the book we advise readers to take the tales in order as written, and to stop after the fourth.

THE HERMITS OF GRAY'S INN. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Pearson.)

The hermits were a few middle-aged gentlemen, who in their callow youth had sworn never to marry because they had been a little too callow to please the other sex. They formed the Brotherhood on the strength of this, and took themselves very seriously when they thought about the matter. But no one else would have done as much for the misogyny of these idle, charming, harmless persons, who liked their comfortable bachelor state too well to change it. Yet Mr. Burgin has done so. He makes jokes about them; but then he lets them be addressed as "men to whom chivalry is dead, men to whom the quest of the Holy Grail has become an ever faint and fainter dream, men to whom love is a mockery, life a delusion, woman's goodness a bitter jest." This is pure nonsense. If you only knew what innocent old boys they were! He drops on them a middle-aged beautiful woman, with a sharp tongue, who flirts a little with one of them for his good. Then, if you please, Mr. Burgin turns what was bound to be light comedy, if it was to be of any use at all, into maudlin tragedy. The woman is brought to her knees to say, "Spurn me, smite me" before the sound of wedding bells signals the break up of the Brotherhood. A fresh and cheerful *ingénu* and *ingénue*, the latter Canadian, of course, prattle pleasantly. But the book suffers from an unusual defect, seeing it is Mr. Burgin's. The story is not only improbable; it is dull.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE KINGDOM OF THE BAROTSI. By Alfred Bertrand. Translated by A. B. Miall. 16s. (Unwin.)

The great question of a trans-African railway which was so much before the public a few months ago, created a new interest in all the countries and districts through which such a railway might be expected to pass. M. Bertrand's journal of travel in Upper Zambesia, and southward through Matabeleland, the Transvaal, and Natal to the Cape, has therefore a special interest, giving as it does a picture of the countries and peoples. The book is a journal, and professes to be no more. It is a simple record of personal impressions and experiences. The general reader fond of travel-books will find it pleasant; anyone, even the politician, may learn something from it. Mr. Miall's translation reads easily, and there are plenty of excellent illustrations.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. By Gilbert White. Edited by Grant Allen. Illustrated by Edmund New. In 12 monthly parts. 1s. 6d. each. (Lane.)

Already some half dozen of these monthly parts have appeared, and each as it arrives renews our admiration. The work when complete, will form a companion volume to Mr. Lane's recent edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler." Those who have seen that book will need no further recommendation to this. Mr. New has a genius for drawing birds, and even, as it seems to us, a special genius for gardens, cottages and village streets. To look over his illustrations is to feel oneself at once in the midst of the rural simplicity of Selborne, and in the society of its gentle curate. The edition has every excellence, notes, bibliography and biography. The paper and print are of the best. It is an edition to delight lovers of good Gilbert White and to win for him new admirers.

MR. PICKWICK'S KENT. A Guide to its Places and People. With Thirty Illustrations. With Descriptive Letterpress by Hammond Hall. 6d. (H. Marshall.)

This little book is issued in very modest form, so modest that amid the shower of guide books to all the ends of the earth which the summer brings upon us, it might easily be overlooked by those to whom it is of special interest. Mr. Hammond Hall and Mr. Lionel Gowing have combined their arts of pen and camera to produce this charming and interesting little book on Kent as immortalised in *Pickwick*. The entrance to the Porch, Chalk Church, with its "comical old monk," sitting carved in stone "with a jovial pot" over the doorway, and various buildings at Maidstone and Cobham, are among the photographs specially taken by Mr. Gowing. The little book is full of drawings taken from various sources, and the letterpress supplies in the pleasantest fashion the appropriate information. This "guide" should be heartily welcomed by all lovers of Dickens.

A SHUTTLE OF AN EMPIRE'S LOOM. By Henry Vandervell. 6s. (Blackwood.)

This is a story of actual experience. Mr. Vandervell shipped before the mast on a steam cargo-boat and stuck to his post for five months. He left the city, and all his sedentary pursuits, and his comfortable surroundings, and took his chance in the rough and tumble life of an ordinary seaman. This is how he interpreted the "rest and change" recommended to him. His experience was, on the whole, fortunate enough, and his book may tempt many a grown-up boy to run away to sea. It is written for those who want information on the habits, the routine, the dietary, the point of view, the physical and mental capacities of the ordinary A.B.'s. It is far more matter of fact than Mr. Bullen's "Idylls of the Sea"; but where the two books can be compared, in their practical information and criticism of the existing condition of sailors, Mr. Vandervell's contains the more favourable judgment. But then he knew one ship only, and his mates were plainly above the average. Still, he saw with a fresh eye and mind; and his account of the surface of life at sea is written without bias, in a pleasant cheerful vein, and in a matter-of-fact style that carries conviction with it.

LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE TO HIS YOUNGEST SISTER. Edited with an Introductory Essay, by Charles Townsend Copeland. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

The many to whom every word of Thomas Carlyle's is of interest, will welcome this new volume of letters. His personality is in them all, strong, rugged, and tender, a personality which never shows to more advantage than in the protecting, superior, slightly pedagogic, yet altogether kindly and affectionate attitude of the elder brother. They are not literary letters either in manner or matter. They have to do chiefly with the domestic affairs of the large connection of brothers and sisters and related families. Records of comings and goings, accounts of everybody's health, details regarding parcels of clothing, in short, all the familiar items which fill the most commonplace of family letters are the subject of these. Now and again there is an outburst, a flash of Carlyle the philosopher, but only occasionally. Most of the letters are to Mrs. Hanning, "Jenny," the little sister born when "Tom" was already a youth of eighteen, but several are to his mother, and these are best of all. Her letters, too, are characteristic, and one or two of them are given. The book adds nothing to our knowledge of the writer, but helps to fill out our knowledge of the man.

THE MUSICIAN'S PILGRIMAGE. By J. A. Fuller Maitland. 5s. (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. Fuller Maitland is a safe guide for the young musician. He takes his art seriously and holds by the worthiest classical traditions. He effectively exposes the meretricious and quietly points out its worthlessness. The book is addressed primarily to young musicians, but it is greatly to be hoped it will reach a wider public. Its message is for all who are stretching eagerly, with genuine honesty of purpose, towards a life of artistic expression in any fom. What the author says of the student and the prig, of the virtuoso and the artist, is worth the consideration of the literary as well as the musical aspirant. The book is written by one who knows what he is saying, and has well considered his words. On every page it shows practical good sense and thorough comprehension of its subject, as well as a true appreciation of what is most serious and most worthy in art.

PASTORALS and other Poems. By Elinor Sweetman. 3s. 6d. (Dent.)

Miss Sweetman's poems are not pastorals merely in name. The very breath of the fields blows through them; the scent of flowers, the wind through grasses and trees, the spirits of wood and hill and valley visit us while we read. Those that tell of Galahad and of Lancelot may not be the most stirring poems to the fame of those heroes; but the out-of-door world they rode or wandered through is delightfully suggested. And the "Pastoral of the Fawn" is one of the most beautifully fashioned poems of recent times. The fawn, born too late, searching for comrades to sport with, falls on a Christian shrine, where he is taken in hand, and his conversion begun. Poor fawn! His piping days are over. Yet gains he never the Christian crown. But he had had his hours of joy.

'Tis good to roll and batten on the level,
Sucking sweet saps of earth from uptorn clods,
When woods have dew as once in days of revel,
And sharpest savours ooze from trampled sods.

And his pagan piping brought joy to mankind too, as he passed through the land, though the gods were dead, and overthrown the shrines of Arcady.

Through pasture deep he goes, and gardens lone,
By looming farms where life now lieth hush;
And as he passeth, strangest dreams are blown
To lidded eyes through shadowy casement-bush;
The silver sounds with moonlit silver strewn
Bid unimagined tears their sluices flush;
Folk smile and sob abed with hearts that leap
In anguish sweet against the bars of sleep.

All lovers of nature that read Miss Sweetman's "Pastoral of the Fawn" must place her book among their treasured books of verse.

THE CITY OF THE SOUL. 5s. (Richards.)

From our book of lyrics, containing some pleasant verses and a good many ineffective ones, we pick out what we hold to be the most successful—and very successful it is—if not the most interesting attempt of the anonymous writer.

To see the moment holds a madrigal,
To find some cloistered place, some hermitage
For free devices, some deliberate cage
Wherein to keep wild thoughts like birds in thrall;
To eat sweet honey and to taste black gall,
To fight with form, to wrestle and to rage,
Until at last upon the conquered page
The shadows of created Beauty fall.

This is the sonnet, this is all delight
Of every flower that blows in every spring,
And all desire of every desert place;
This is the joy that fills a cloudy night
When, bursting from her misty following,
A perfect moon wins to an empty space.

AN IDLER IN OLD FRANCE. By Tighe Hopkins. (Hurst and Blackett.)

We must remonstrate with Mr. Tighe Hopkins. His "sheaf of papers" is, we admit, entertaining and lively reading, for, as ever, he infuses brightness into the mustiest of ancient records, but we have a distinct grudge against any man who wilfully sets himself to blast our pleasant illusions. And Mr. Tighe Hopkins makes it abundantly evident that we *have* cherished illusions about old France. For us, as for the majority of readers, we suppose, old France stood (alas that we cannot say "stands") for all that is most romantic in romance, most chivalrous in the records of chivalry. Had we not read Dumas' novels? But in the light of Mr. Tighe Hopkins' revelations *that* old France vanishes into a realm of dreams. Romance? Chivalry? Well, after all, these flourish ever and everywhere, but we had forgotten that in old France they lived hand in hand with a squalid reality, which knew little of hygiene or decency as we understand it, and the basest dishonour. In these jottings by an idler in old France you have uncovered the hidden darkness of a superficially brilliant epoch. The book is full of curious documents and strange records, and is unquestionably a valuable addition to our knowledge of times and peoples. But we are afraid it must become an axiom for novel readers that the enjoyment of historical fiction entails ignorance of history.

MR. TIGHE HOPKINS.
From Photo by Elliott & Fry.

THE LITTLE LAND, with Songs from the Four Rivers. By Laurence Housman. 5s. (Richards.)

Though he caters not at all for the multitude, Mr. Housman is not much of a fastidious artist. This is a shapeless and an unmelodious and an unselected volume, and we say so not in ingratitude, but out of real regret. For there is stuff in it that deserved better handling. Mr. Housman's fantastic imagination we have always found interesting; but there is thought and there is sentiment here that touch a profounder note than we have yet suspected in him. We could have wished they had sometimes had a finer setting. Nevertheless, among too many clumsy and dull verses there are lyrics that deeply move us. "The Return of the Native," "The Return of the Beloved," are memorable. So is "A Prayer in Autumn."

Flocks to the seaward of feathers; loud winging of leaves and birds;
And a roaring wind in the grey of a headlong sky;
While autumn is hoarding her dead, and harries together her herds,
Let her not cast me aside; in the waste of the year let me die!

But Death is not a constant theme or desire. Life, too, stirs in the prayer, and wrestles with Death.

Count my dust wherever blows
The restless dust along the ground.

Since here I lived, where can I die?
A breath to dust that will not burn,
My ghost in every wind goes by,
And in my grave I turn and turn.

The entire inconsistency of the book may be counted a fault. It is also certainly an interest. Catholicism and paganism, romantic love and cold cynic sense meet and clash or mingle. Mr. Housman is a poet, with very various things to say, and sometimes he has lucky moments when he can say them.

THE FIELD FLORIDUS and other Poems. By Eugene Mason. 5s. net. (Richards.)

Mr. Mason has the poet's temperament, and if it be not high praise to say he has occasionally attained lyrical success it is praise that, even in a facile age, is rarely deserved. But we think he has distinguished gifts as a translator or adapter. His version of "Au Jardin de mon Cœur" is exquisite. Still, he gives us the chance of quoting very pleasant things of his own imagining. We shall remember the writer of "The Private" and of "A Garden of Adonis." In the latter, perhaps, he modestly describes his own poetical attempt.

I pluck the flowers my days have known,
I prune the dreams my sleep hath met;
The fragile sprays I plant above,
In shapen words my words I set.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By the Right Hon. Sir Charles W. Dilke, M.P. 3s. 6d. (Chatto and Windus.)

This small volume, composed of a series of articles contributed to various newspapers last year, has a limited aim. It is meant merely as an introduction to a study of our colonial possessions, and of their relations to the mother country. The history of the colonies is not related, but an excellent guide to more detailed reading is added, and no one is more competent than the writer to compile such. While the question of Imperial Defence is gravely insisted on, there is no gushing appeal made to the feelings. The tone is not alarmist, and it is not Jingo. The particular use of the book lies in its very individual treatment of the different colonies. Students of it will realise that there is no such thing as a colonial question or a colonial policy, but that questions and policies must be just as numerous as are our possessions, each of which has its own individuality, its own difficulties, and contributes its own share towards the solution of modern problems.

THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS. The first Apology for Christianity. An Exegetical Study. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. 7s. 6d. (T. and T. Clark.)

Readers of the *Expositor* will remember a remarkable series of papers which Dr. Bruce contributed to that periodical on the Epistle to the Hebrews. These with revision and enlargements are now issued in the volume before us. They interpret the Epistle in a manner which forms a *via media* between the critical commentary and the popular lecture. The various topics suggested by the unknown writer are explained with a constant and exact regard to the Greek text, but the exposition is not interrupted by linguistic and grammatical questions. This style of treatment is very skilfully managed by Dr. Bruce, and the result is a book indispensable to all students of the Epistle, attractive to the general reader as well as to the scholar, and full of suggestion to those whose function it is to interpret to the people the documents of our religion. Dr. Bruce has written only one book which is likely to be more generally useful than the present volume. In our judgment it is in every respect a happier effort than either of his previous contributions to his proposed New Testament Theology. It is written with greater warmth and freedom, with a fuller sympathy with the writer he interprets, and with a richer wealth of teaching. It is a solid, important, and lasting addition to our knowledge of this part of Scripture, and has the great advantage of being more easily read than any other interpretation of one of the most important and difficult documents of primitive Christianity. It will be possible for the pedant to pick holes in Dr. Bruce's exegesis of this passage or that, but as regards entrance into the spirit and position and arguments of the writer, the volume is supremely excellent. It is rich in illuminating remarks that at once disclose the principle involved and lend finality to his judgments. Dr. Bruce has himself anticipated the critic by modifying some of the opinions he previously expressed; and it is impossible that any candid interpreter who goes back and back to the Epistle should stand in the same mind regarding some of its obscurer statements. Dr. Bruce has far exceeded the prudent Horatian maxim, and in every chapter of his book the fruits of prolonged and repeated study are apparent in depth of insight and felicity of statement.

PROPHETS OF THE CENTURY. Essays, Edited by Arthur Rickett. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

This is a book with a serious and useful purpose ably carried out. The subjects of the essays are writers who have especially influenced the spirit of our age and of the preceding generation, for Wordsworth and Shelley are included. The others are Carlyle, Emerson, Tennyson, Browning, George Eliot, Ruskin, Walt Whitman, Morris, Tolstoy, and Ibsen. They are approached, each by a different interpreter, in an expository rather than a critical spirit, for the book aims at directing the studies of eager youthful readers. It has no intention of contesting the positions of the great writers under discussion, nor of

refining on their attitudes and attainments. The contributors to the volume, among whom are Dr. Blake Odgers, Mr. A. E. Fletcher, and Mr. A. L. Lilley, have treated their subjects in a broad, intelligent fashion, and have laid foundations on which much profitable study can be built.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BOSANQUET, B.—The Philosophical Theory of the State, 10/- Macmillan
[*The book professes to deal with principles, not practice, and to express "the fundamental ideas of a true social philosophy." It leaves those vexed questions which arouse strong party feeling, and devotes itself with much ability, wisdom, and learning to the consideration of the abstract principles in which such questions originate.*]

BYLES, Rev. J.—The Legend of St. Mark, 3/6.....Unwin
[*A series of bright and interesting addresses to children, each founded on some classical story or legend.*]

FISKE, J.—Through Nature to God, 3/6..... .....Macmillan
[*A series of exceedingly interesting and valuable papers on "The Mystery of Evil," "The Cosmic Roots of Love," and "Self-Sacrifice."*]

INNES, A. T.—The Trial of Jesus Christ, 2/6.....Clark

KONIG, Prof. E.—The Exiles' Book of Consolation, trans. by the Rev. J. A. Selbie, 3/6.....Clark

MACKINTOSH, Dr. R.—From Comte to Benjamin Kidd, 8/6 Macmillan
[*See p.* 108.]

MEYER, F. B.—"I Promise," 1/-.....S.S. Union
[*A series of helpful and earnest talks on the Christian Endeavour Pledge.*]

REICHEL, Dr. C. P.—Sermons, 6/-.....Macmillan

STUART, W.—English Philosophical Styles ..... Victoria University
[*The Prize Essay for the John Bright Scholarship in 1897. The essay has been recast in the form of six studies, including outstanding names from Francis Bacon to J. S. Mill. The essay is an able and scholarly one, evidently the fruit of much careful study.*]

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